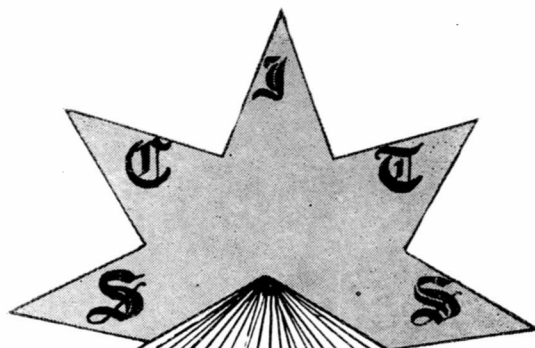
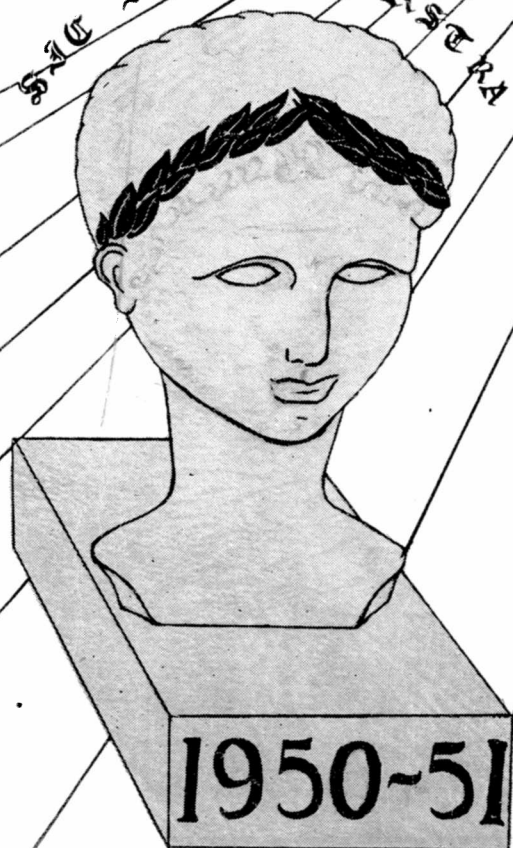


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Foreword---

On the occasion of the publication of the 36th edition of Ad Astra Annual, I am taking advantage of my invitation from the editor to write a foreword for the magazine to tell our readers of some recent developments in the school.

Owing to the increased enrolment we have been forced to use rooms that were not meant for class instruction, and this year the classes have overflowed into the auditorium. This overcrowded condition involves difficulties in time-table construction for the administrators and hardships and inconveniences for the staff and students. It is pleasing to see, however, that everyone concerned has made the necessary adjustment to cramped quarters. The situation is going to get worse before it gets better, as next year, with increased enrolment, it will be necessary to crowd a larger student body into the same number of rooms. The Board of Education is aware of our lack of space and is faced with the perplexing problem of providing additional accommodation in spite of scarce materials, labour shortages, government regulations, and financing difficulties.

Recently the staff has arranged to erect a bronze plaque containing the names of all students of our school who were killed in World War II. This has been financed by personal donations from the staff and from interested citizens and by contributions from some school organizations. It



is tragic that, before we have erected a memorial to our gallant boys of the last war, we see dark clouds on the international horizon, which threaten new conflicts.

Congratulations are in order for the magazine staff. As in most organizations of the school, every student has an opportunity to participate. All contributions are collected, read, and screened by a competent executive duly elected for their industry, ability, and literary talents. There is an enormous amount of work involved in campaigning, screening, organizing, and selling magazines and advertising. We all join in complimenting the staff sponsors, editor, and magazine staff for a worthy edition which reflects credit on themselves and their school.

Alex Sinclair.



TOP PICTURE

Front Row—Janet E. McLachlin, B.A.; Ruth L. Kitching, B.Hs.Sc.; Verna M. Duke, B.Hs.Sc.; Jean E. Martin, B.A.; Principal Alex Sinclair, M.A.; E. Eileen McDonald, B.Com.; Phyllis Welman; Mildred Sanders, B.A.; Carol Lovatt, B.A.; Jessie H. Ramsden, B.A., M.Sc.

Middle Row—J. Reginald Coombs, M.A.; J. George Hawley; A. Donald G. Billingsley, B.A.; Langston E. Durnford, B.A.; Herman M. Sperling, B.Music; Robert Dobbins; Frank H. Konkle, B. Com.; Ora C. Dennis, B.A.; A. Ranulfo Mendizabel, B.A.

Third Row—George A. Helson; Kenneth Burns; Leo V. Langan, B.A.; Russell A. Bond, B.A.; Bruce K. Little, B.A.; Norman M. Watson, B.A.; Earl G. Asker, B.Sc. in E.E.; William J. Southcombe, B.A.

BOTTOM PICTURE

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Middle Row—Fred S. Passmore; Leonard G. Newell, B.A.; William S. Pringle; Ernest L. Treitz, B.A.; Arthur A. Burridge, B.A.; Raymond J. Latremouille, B.P.E.; E. George Marcy, B.A.; Gordon McGregor, B.A.; Reginald H. Garbett.

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1950

1951



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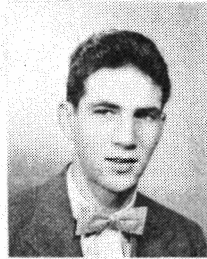
JOAN BOND
Literature



MARY JANES
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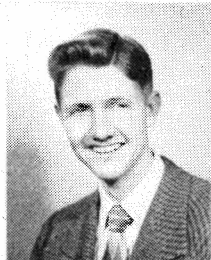
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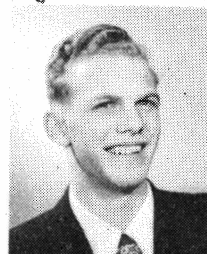
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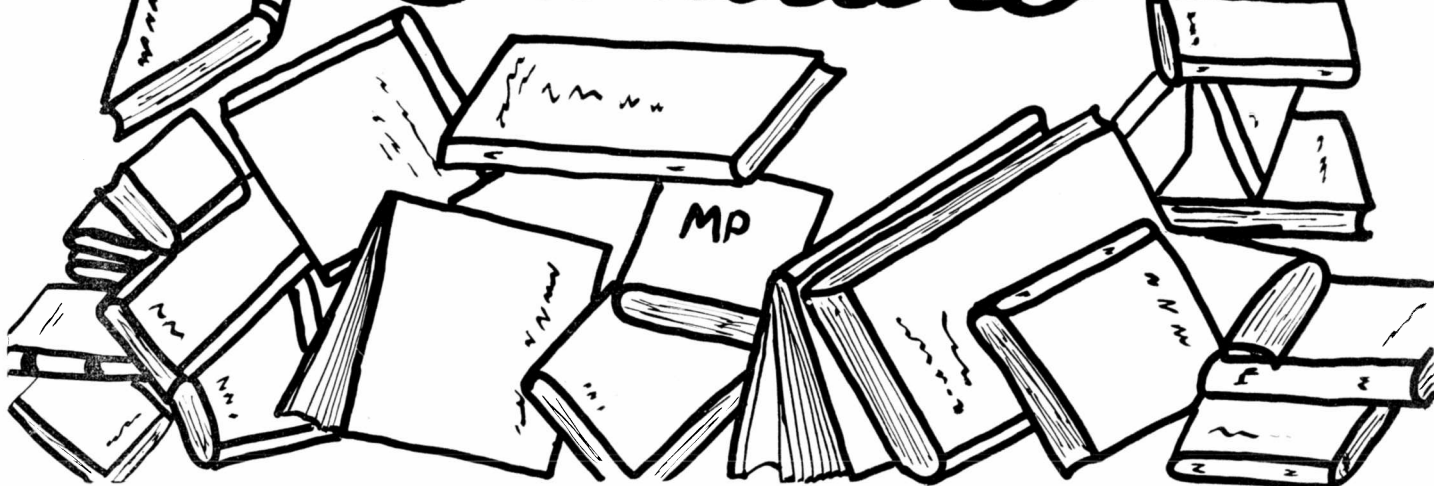
Obituaries

With deep regret we mourn the passing of three of our students, Maxine Fraser, Bill Evans and George Malmstedt. We extend our deepest sympathies to their parents.

Another of our friends, Mr. Art Nichalls, passed away suddenly last year. Mr. Nichalls, who had been with us since the opening of the school, worked overtime at many of our Com-te-Colls, prepared the grounds for our sports, and was responsible for the beauty of our lawns and flower-beds. His absence will be felt very deeply by all the teachers and students.



Literature



- LIZ -

MISS LYLE was coming off duty when she heard loud, bitter voices lashing at one another from one of the dorms. Her first impulse was to ignore the voices, and quickly hurry up to the Staff Room before she could be cornered by one of the campers to settle the argument. However, her sense of duty made her turn and walk toward the dorm wondering all the while what new argument "friend Liz" has dreamed up, and how she herself was to settle it. She thought of her first glimpse of Liz, and remembered that even then she was fighting with a younger girl over the paper cups from the train. Liz was quite tall and "skinny", as children her age are often described. Her straight brown hair hung to the tip of her ears, and looked as if it had been cut with a bowl sitting over her head. Her features were very sharp—a rather long, pointed nose, cold grey eyes peering out from under solid, dark brows, a larger than average mouth, and a very pale, colourless complexion. It seemed strange to Lyle, thinking of Liz in this unpleasing manner, that she always felt the child could be quite attractive if one didn't immediately form a poor opinion of her at first sight.

Lyle walked quietly into the dorm and stood in the doorway of Liz's room. She saw the girl towering over little Frances Thompson, one of McNair's group, with her hands propped on her hips and her pointed face thrust forward, while the younger child stood defiantly before her. She heard Liz shrieking insults at McNair's girl while her eyes bulged out farther and farther, her face hot and red, and her tongue moved fast and bitterly. Lyle's heart sank, and she felt like forgetting the whole business when she realized that the two were fighting so furiously over a handful of comic books. How could she ever drive into their heads the superior importance of friendship over material things? She entered the room and noticed how quickly the two girls quieted down and looked sheepishly up into her

kind face. She took the comics from both of their hands and, with a meaningful, "I don't want any more of this," walked out of the dorm with Liz's thin arm grasped lightly at her elbow.

Lyle placed her arm around Liz's meagre shoulders, and the two walked silently down the famous Hasting Hill and into a quiet corner of the playground. The swings and slides were deserted at this time of the day as most of the children were swimming, and the counsellor felt her task would be easier because of the stillness. She sat down in the shade of the trees beside the cool stream and Liz stood uneasily leaning against the water slide. Lyle had been turning the situation over carefully in her mind all the way down from the dorm and she wondered exactly how to approach the subject. She realized that Liz knew why she had been brought there. However, before long the two were engaged in easy conversation, and three quarters of an hour later, Lyle felt she could help the young girl. She sent Liz off to the swimming pool and hunted up Joyce Tubman, the Girls' Programme Director, to get some advice from the more experienced girl. She disclosed Liz's story to the Staff member, telling her of the struggles Liz had had in their family of nine children to gain the love and affection due a twelve year old girl. Ever since she could remember, she had been picked on by her older brothers and sisters, of which there were six. It seemed only natural to her to act the same way towards her younger friends. This rather mild version of "the survival of the fittest" had been the only thing Liz had known, and only since she had come to camp did she realize how very wrong this theory was. Argument and fighting could gain you nothing except an empty, friendless future. Tubby, as she was fondly called by the counsellors and Staff, asked Lyle what she thought would be the best action. The younger counsellor disclosed her plans, and Tubby, realizing the wisdom of them, decided to let Lyle go

ahead on her own, knowing the experience would be invaluable.

That evening at supper, Lyle put her first idea to work. She saw Liz walk dejectedly through the dining hall and sit down at her usual place at the end of the table, a little apart from the rest of the campers. She smiled encouragingly at her, but saw by the strained expression on the young girl's face that she did not share this optimism. Several of the other campers, seeing this display of friendship toward their common enemy, cast quizzical glances in the direction of their counsellor. Lyle noticed this and felt pleased. When her table had finished eating and the plates had been carried to the kitchen, she deliberately ignored the noisy clamour from the other campers to get the dessert, and asked Liz to do so. Liz grinned faintly as she started toward the cupboard, and Lyle inwardly laughed at the looks of utter astonishment she was receiving from the rest of her girls. She thought of the many times she had previously ignored Liz's request to get the dessert, and had, instead, asked one of the others. Now she realized her own part in embittering the girl and immediately regretted it.

When the supper was finished, the campers went down to the Craft House for square dancing for their evening program. Liz quickly asked Miss Lyle to be her partner during the dances, and the two had an excellent time until Lyle's turn to lead a dance. She saw Carol Pasquan sitting near the piano and asked her to dance with Liz, which Carol did with only the slightest hesitation. This was most encouraging to the counsellor, but this small hesitation probably seemed like an eternity to Liz, to whom it meant so much. Lyle could almost hear the thoughts of the other campers as they observed her strange behaviour during that day. "Why did Miss Lyle let that horrible Elizabeth get the dessert to-night?" "Whatever possessed Miss Lyle to dance with Liz?" "Liz Cosgrove had Miss Lyle's hand on the way down to the Craft House to-night. What happened?" She certainly was confusing them, all right, but she hoped that the ob-

viousness of her actions would not put them on their guard.

The next afternoon Lyle was on rest-hour duty, and as she sat at the back of the dorm with McNair, she saw little Frances Thompson walk quietly out of her own room and enter Liz's down the hall. She immediately noticed the handful of comic books which the little girl was carrying, and realized when she saw her return empty-handed, that these had been deposited in Liz's room. McNair looked curiously at Lyle, to whom the latter revealed, "Just an experiment which seems to be working out." But still, the other campers had not yet accepted Liz into their circle of friends, and this must be done before her plan could be truly successful. After all, Saturday was only two days off—the big test.

During the rest of the day activities were carried on the usual way, and Lyle paid just enough attention to Liz so that the other girls would notice. Her main worry was in making her behaviour too apparent.

Next morning, she was climbing the hill with two of her girls holding her hands and one other walking pensively along before them. As they reached the top of the hill and stood before the Rec. Hall, the three turned slowly and faced her with troubled features.

"Miss Lyle," began one, "how can you be so nice to Liz? You know it was my turn to hold your hand last night going down to the Craft House."

"You've had my hand loads of times and I'm almost sure that was Liz's first time," replied the counsellor with an easy smile.

"Well you've been too nice to her lately," accused another, "and I don't like her particularly well." Lyle was happy to note the particular well, because she knew that a few days ago the remark would have been, "I don't like her at all." She tried to sound very casual as she said, "Liz isn't such a bad kid, you know. There's a lot you three could learn from her." Then as

she turned to walk into the Rec. Hall, she tossed her last punch lightly over her shoulder. "She'd make a good clown in 'Mother Goose' too." Well, she had done all she could for poor Liz, the rest was up to the other campers. Saturday, the day for the nominations for the play, was close at hand, and it would certainly reveal the success or failure of her careful planning.

All Saturday morning she felt a rather excited feeling in her stomach, and when the other girls had assembled in the Craft House and written on little slips of paper their choices for the parts in the play, she felt as if she herself were being nominated. For hours afterwards she was unable to relax in her anxiety to learn whether or not Liz had got the part of the clown. So much depended on it. Finally, that evening as she entered the dining room, she saw Tubby approaching her table with a sheet of paper in her hand. She quickly handed it to Lyle and walked toward the Staff Room without a word. The counsellor slowly unfolded the paper and glanced apprehensively down the list of characters. About halfway down the page, the word "Clown" loomed at her, and after this, a girl's name — Frances Thompson. Lyle sat down dejectedly on the bench staring blankly at the paper in her hand. She felt her head throbbing, and her heart was filled with disappointment. As she sat there her eyes glanced hopefully at the names of the other play-

ers and suddenly rested on the lead, "Mother Goose". After these words she saw, written carefully in Tubby's hand, Elizabeth Cosgrove. She read the name slowly again to be certain that her imagination had not run away with her in her intense desire to see Liz as a character in the play. When she had convinced herself, she literally flew into the Staff Room and threw her arms around Tubby's neck. After she had released some of her enthusiasm by dancing a polka around the room two or three times with Tubby, the latter sent her back to the dining room. By this time the campers were seated at the tables. The counsellor smiled happily at Liz, sitting triumphantly in the midst of her new friends, and the girl returned her happiness with a broad, thankful grin.

Somehow, Night-House Duty was a pleasure to Lyle that night. The campers quieted down very quickly owing to the excitement of the day. Shortly before ten o'clock, she went up to the Staff Tea, and as she entered the room, she felt the eyes of the Staff members watching her approvingly. She sat down on the chesterfield with a cup of coffee in her hand, and as she looked up, Tubby winked encouragingly. She leaned back in the comfortable chesterfield with a relieved sigh, and for the first time in several days, relaxed.

SALLY McCRAE, 13-A

WHAT!, A LIBRARY?

School libraries are a splendid innovation;
To work in one is quite a revelation.
The other night, while I stamped books like
mad,
There entered a most delightful lad,
Who asked me if he could not have some
book.
I shook my haughty head, and told him he
Had better try the public library - -
Since we in S. C. I. did not pretend
To stock the books which people want to
"lend,"

All we have here is rows of musty books
Inside of which nobody ever looks -
Such dusty tomes as Shakespeare, Shelley,
Keates,
Enough to take your skirt right out of
pleats.
Dear friends, this "pome" has so far been
in jest, -
Of modern books we have the Very Best!
Our library is very up to date
And will most any taste accommodate.

FRANCES WRIGHT, 11-D

— D O - S I - D O —

Take that lady by the wrist—
 Around that lady with the grape vine twist
 Around that gent with the grape vine dance
 And circle up four in the centre.

Come on, girls, dress up in your cotton skirts; boys, hunt up those jeans and plaid shirts, and grandma, throw away that shawl and sashay out here too. Square dancing has hit town!

Foxtrots, waltzes, rhumbas and jive are being given the cold shoulder by hundreds of city people who have suddenly discovered something that their friends in the country have been enjoying for a long time. They have found that this charming dance can make them forget their troubles and help them gain friends. Now, whenever they hear those fiddles tune up, they start whooping and stamping their feet.

Anything that can hit a country as forcibly as square dancing has hit North America must "have something". It has. Nothing can quite compare with the wonder-

fully breathless feeling you have after swinging through "The Grapevine Twist" or "The Birdie in the Cage". Anyone who has ever been to a good old country hoe-down can tell you that there is nothing like it.

If there could possibly be anyone so backward that he hasn't yet tried it, - To him I say, "Don't be shy!" The next time you hear Don Messer and his Islanders, Jimmie Magill and his Northern Ramblers, or any good fiddles at a square dance, join in when you hear the caller shout. You can't help loving it. The rhythm and the beat of it get into your blood. From then on whenever you hear an "allemande left" or a "do-si-do" your feet will tap and in your mind you will see the riot of gay hoop skirts and crinolines of the beautiful ladies of sixty years ago as they sashayed with their gay gentlemen to the Virginia Reel or the Waltz Quadrille.

NOREEN JOHNSTON, 11-C

GRAN' PAPPY WENT A-HUNTIN'

Me gran' pappy told me once how he went a-huntin one time. Coarse this bee durin' the musket days, their was lots o'trees in these here parts. Wel, sir, seems like gran' pappy went an got himself lost. Be ins t'was summer he never worried none cause ther was lots of animals to be eatin. Trouble was, after a month or so his shot gave out. Naturly he had lots of powder, but it couldn't do him no good no-how.

He was almost dead of starving when he noticed how owls kept a-lookin at him. Wel-sir gran'pappy'd get them owls a-staring at him, then he'd jist walk round the tree till the crazy owl twisted his head off.

After a while he got all the owls killed off, then he starts to git hungry agin. By this time t'was winter and fairly chilly out, bout 50 below. One day while gran' pappy was a luggin his musket an powder about (he didn't have no shot), he spied

a bear. Suddenly forgetting his precarious position, gran' pappy aimed carefully at the cavernous maw of the beast. Then re-lectin how he didn't have no shots, he started a-runnin. Gran' pappy was so disgusted at his self for runnin from that bear, that he up and starts to cry. It was so cold that his tears froze a-fore they hit the ground. Seein this, old gran' pappy stopped a-runnin, cryed some more, and loaded his musket with the froze tears.

He up and shot the animal in the haid. The bear died right off with water on the brain. Usin the bear for its vitils gran' pappy survived till the helicopter found him next spring, or was it the one after that?????

Any how, gran' pappy swears this-here ipisode actuly hapened to him, and I don't never recalect him tellin a lye neither. Least ways, not unless he got the chance.

RON BLAKELY, 11-D

BEFORE DEATH

My heart yearns for many things;
 The salt sea air,
 The birds in spring,
 The lilac bushes all in bloom,
 The sunshine skipping 'cross my room,
 The noise of children at their play-
 The silence at the close of day.

My heart cries out for me to see
 The falling leaves,
 The chestnut tree,
 The blaze of fires,
 The harvest moon,
 The stars in heaven,
 The flowers in bloom.

I crave so much the simple things,
 Not great ones only fit for kings;
 The noise of water on the rocks,
 The great confusion at the docks,
 The wind and rain upon my face,
 The tracks in snow we could not trace.

And now my eyes grow tired with fear
 That I shall not remain long here;
 My bed grows hard;
 My mind grows dim;
 At last I shall return to Him.

I wish it so and yet I don't:
 He says to come, and yet I won't.
 I've struggled long to stay on earth
 And reap the harvest sown at birth,
 But now my Lord shall have His way,
 For He has called me home to-day.

SYLVIA K. PAISLEY, 11-C

GOD SPEAKS ON RACE AND RELIGION

Hear Me, hear Me, you men of earth,
 If you to Me will prove your worth,
 Then forget at once your foolish pride,
 And live in peace by your fellow's side,
 Forget his religion, forget his skin,
 Remember only that you are kin.

Heed you My words, each earthly man,
 And peace and love the world will span;
 Wars and turmoil will cease to be;
 Sailing will be smooth on life's great sea,
 Let love and help be your motto fair,
 Then shall you be happy in My care.

JACK SLATTERIE, 11-C

Dark Menace

The little colony nestled on the side of a large hill, basking in the warm sunshine. Here and there, some of the inhabitants could be seen, busily going about their duties in the fresh, clean, summer air. Just beyond the sandy clearing which circled the entire colony, the green forest stretched endlessly in the distance, swaying in the slight breeze. Guarding one of the many entrances to the community against intruders, three soldiers in red tunics and black pants sat indolently in the pleasant sunlight.

"Guard duty on a day like this," muttered Tharn, getting up suddenly and brushing the dust off his uniform.

"Well, there has to be someone on duty at all times," said the second soldier, Ramor.

"I guess Ramor is right," agreed Torin, the third. "Still," he went on, "I wish something would happen, things have been pretty dull around here late . . .," he stopped suddenly, for as if in answer to his words, the whole colony was cast in shadow.

Looking about to see what has caused the shadow, the three friends were appalled. There, a short distance away, was a great, dark shape blocking out the sun. The thing, whatever it was, was colossal. It started at the ground in what appeared to be two large humps which were the bases of two huge, dark columns, extending up into the air. These columns seemed to merge high up and continued higher in a dark, obscure mass. The two humps with their respective columns looked like two huge hammers standing on end.

The three friends stood speechless, staring at the colossal apparition. Suddenly one of the columns shuddered and moved, lifting its huge hammerlike hump high into the air. Swiftly the column swung and at the end of it, the hump hurtled straight towards the colony! With a horrible crunching sound, the great hammer struck, smashing into the colony and raining dirt and debris down on the three companions who

were fortunately on the far side of the colony from the attacker. Again and again the huge thing struck, each time wreaking havoc, spreading panic and death. Finally, as if to stop and survey the damage it had done thus far, the great hammer-like column ceased swinging and came to rest beside its mate in the distance.

Amid cries of pain and sorrow from the unfortunate inhabitants, the soldiers, filled with rage and desire for revenge, made their way across the wrecked colony toward the humps that were the bases of the columns. As they marched along at a steady pace, all the while coming closer to the gigantic menace, Tharn became increasingly uneasy.

"What do you suppose it is?", he queried nervously.

"Your guess is as good as mine," stated Ramor, "but we'll find out pretty soon."

Rounding a high clump of growth, the three friends stopped abruptly, as there before them was the great object which had destroyed most of the colony. Craning their necks they could see the column just over the crest of the thing in their path, rising dark and forbidding, high into the sky.

"Well, this is it," murmured Ramor, not just a little awed by the size of the thing, "shall we . . . ". He broke off suddenly, staring at something high on the huge obstruction, which was covered with dust and bits of rubble of the ruined colony. There, hanging on the crest of the hump, was the broken body of some luckless colonist.

Ramor's face paled as he surveyed the gory evidence of the disaster. His mouth tightened into a grim line. His eyes glittered with rage and hate.

"This must be the great object which destroyed our colony," quaked Tharn, bolstering his courage with useless words.

"We'll get up on it and look around and possibly we can find how to drive this thing away," muttered Ramor.

"Hadn't we better go back and get help?" queried Tharn. "We don't know what it is. Anything may happen!"

Torin, who had been silent up to this time, spoke. "I agree with Tharn, Ramor, but if you wish to climb up it, I'll go along with you." He too, like Ramor, had been filled with rage and hate towards the tormentor for its unwarranted attack. It did not fill him with fear as it did the quaking Tharn although it was plain to see that he was uneasy.

"Well let's get started," said Ramor, pulling himself up the sheer slope of what appeared to be the wall of the object, but he halted when Tharn's voice broke out:

"I don't think we should. We need help."

"What do you want, a whole army to back you up?" retorted Ramor angrily, "Besides, there's no time to waste."

"I'm not afraid to go on," asserted Tharn, blood flushing his fear-paled face at the thinly-veiled insult. "I just maintain that it is foolhardy to climb up on this . . . , this . . . , well, whatever it is, without knowing what it is, or what is waiting for us above."

"You can both stay if you wish," retorted Ramor harshly, "but I'm going up. If you wish to come, then do so, and welcome." So saying, he again started his ascent.

"I said before I'd go with you and I will now," answered Torin, coming over and giving Ramor a boost up the precipitous wall.

Just then the column shuddered once again and moved slightly, knocking the two to the ground, dazed. This was the final blow to Tharn; his waning courage drained out of him, and he backed off, blubbering, turned and ran into the undergrowth. The remaining two friends, having still retained their weapons, started up the laborious ascent again, a little more cautiously.

As they climbed slowly but steadily up the hump, they found that the surface they were climbing over was of some strange substance and was fairly smooth. Occasionally there was a small crack which they used

as an aid to pull themselves up the slope. From a point high up on the hump, they could see that the column was covered with some foreign material that acted as a protective covering for the column. Near where the column joined the hump was a crevice where the bottom of the covering ended.

"Well, shall we go in under that covering?" asked Ramor.

"We might as well keep going since we've come this far already," replied Torin.

So, continuing up the slope, the friends passed through the rift and found themselves walking on a broad white surface that was soft and yielded when they walked on it. It seemed to move and breathe. The covering under which they had passed was faintly discernible in the dimness above them. The two companions were mystified at what the broad white surface might be. They debated about it for awhile.

"I have a hunch it has something to do with what makes this destructor work," said Ramor finally.

"Very likely," agreed his companion.

"I wonder if our weapons can do any harm to it or at least drive it away?" mused Ramor.

"They might if we both struck together," Torin's face mirrored doubtful hope.

"Well, it won't hurt to try. Let's go, ready, one - two - three - Now!" Savagely, the two desperate friends sank their sharp weapons deep into the soft, white, yielding

surface. At once the air was split with a high-pitched sound and the comrades were buffeted about, as some unknown force struck at them.

The dark covering that had been above their heads was pounded down on them repeatedly, and finally, barely conscious, the two lost their grip and fell headlong down and out through the rift they had entered. Tumbling down along the strange hump they had scaled, they sprawled senseless on the ground.

Painful hours later Ramor opened his eyes to see Torin standing over him, laughing exultantly. "We did it! We did it!" he shouted happily. "We drove it away. It's gone. I just woke too, and look, the thing, whatever it was, is gone!"

Ramor, looking around saw that this was true. No longer was there a shadow over all the ground, and a little distance away he saw the colony, bathed in bright warm sunlight which forecast better times to come. Already the hardy inhabitants were starting to repair the damage that had been done.

Happily the two soldiers limped home towards the colony, their duty completed.

* * *

"Now, now, Billy, stop crying now and tell me what happened," soothed the mother of the tearful boy.

"Well . . .," began the sobbing boy, "I was out in the field kicking over the anthill . . . , then I think two of them must have bitten me on the leg."

BRIAN ADAMSON, 13-B

A TYPICAL MALE

He was climbing the ladder,
All was peaceful, serene,
When he lost his footing,
And fell through the screen.
He collected himself,
And regained his composure,
Caught his pants on a nail,
Nearly died of exposure.

The wind struck his face,
His eyesight grew dim'n he
Fell over a brick,
Caught his foot in the chimney.
His wife had lost patience,
But he never did fail,
He was living his standard,
Of a typical male.

SHIRLEY THIBODEAU, 11-A

AU REVOIR, NOT GOODBYE

We, who are leaving the hallowed halls of
the school, we know so well,
Will always remember the good and the
bad, and will always want to tell,
Of the friends we made and the fun we had
along with our studies and classes.
And though we are going, the memories
linger on of exams, So-Ed, form parties,
and dances.

And then of course we will always recall,
the assemblies, and the pictures we hung
in the hall,

Our football team winning, when you could
hear our voices rising in a very loud cheer.
Then winter came and the basketball games,
- we did pretty well at that too.
And soon it was time for Cadet Day sublime,
(when we got a half day off from school.)

We are leaving this now and we want to say
that we will never forget these ideals:
To work hard when we work, and play hard
when we play, and then in the end we
feel,

There is nothing to regret, and no reason to
fret because we have given of our best
not in vain;
And so we will cry, "Au revoir, not goodbye"
for we will see each other again.

LORRAINE GORDON, Sp. Com.

SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET

They once were infants in their mother's
arms,
The pride and joy, the light of life and love,
They sighed and cried, and grew beneath
her charms,
They laughed and played, led by a power
above.

Then came those many years of happiness,
When days were spent with hours of school
and play.

With each successive year of happy bliss,
Our boys grew older, wiser day by day.

The years rolled by, the world was torn by
war,
The men left home, their country to redeem,
They sailed away to fight on strangers
shores,
They won the peace, but paid the price
supreme.

"From us, our thanks, our love, our tears,
our joys,

"To those who lived, who fought and died,
brave boys.

DON SOUTHCORBE, T-12

WAR OR PEACE?

While days of strife again do threaten,
And peace on earth is insecure,
Hopes are raised of better days
Among a people sad and unsure.

There was a time not long ago
When nation tolerated nation,
When peoples living throughout the world
Their differences solved in friendly relation.

There have been periods in history past
When conflicts rose to war,
But with the conclusion of the clash
There was only hope for peace é'ermore.

Perhaps we have not found a way
By which to live in accord,
But the one sure formula for everyone
Is to place their trust in the Lord.

Upon the verge of each new age,
A tyrant cruel and bold
Has turned the force of his burning rage
Upon a world with fears untold.

At the outset of each ensuing war,
Another generation is called and spent,
While those at home ne'er knew before
The sorrow and ravages which war could
rent.

And now another century dawns,
With security and harmony on a lease.
What will this coming era bring
Another war, or peace?

BILL BEDARD, 13-B

AMATEUR DRAMATICS

Most people when applauding an excellent performance hardly realize that before their eyes is the result of many weeks of intensive work by the different departments who labour together to produce an air of realism.

From the day of the auditions excitement begins to mount, and relief is evident when the director has chosen his cast. Now hard work must be done by all to make this production a success. Much is expected of the actor who rehearses under the guidance of the director, learning facial expressions and actions suited to each part and line. The actor must learn to convince his audience by speaking slowly, distinctly, and with enthusiasm.

One department must make from materials provided by interested friends costumes suited to the country, era, and situation under which each actor is presented. Many men and women combine their efforts to create outfits which will put the players at their ease and assist them in portraying the characters they represent. Complexions as well as costumes must be appropriate. This is the task of the make-up department. A sallow complexion will not compliment a yellow costume. These two divisions must produce a desirable combination.

Working with costumes and make-up are the electricians. Many lights have to be focused upon a certain character at the proper time. Certain intensities of light must be used in the various scenes with numerous characters. During the dress rehearsal much time is spent in trying the different lights. Very often a healthy complexion will fade to a ghostly one under a white light; also it would indeed look strange to see an amber light upon a fairy or goddess.

Properties and Stages are closely related. The latter is comprised of scenery such as backdrops and furniture which also assist the players, but do not obstruct the audience view, nor draw their attention from the plot. Properties may include a rug from India, a cradle from France, any-

thing to create a suitable background, whether it be from darkest Africa or the frozen north.

As the days lessen the practices continue, each longer and more urgent than the one preceding. The dress rehearsal is always a mad scramble, the lights are too bright, the costumes are cumbersome, the properties are wrong, the director has many complaints, but to-morrow is the first performance, all must be well.

The evening finally arrives. The lights dim! The curtains part! The play progresses! A thunderous applause greets the actors! It is a success! Each person connected with its production relaxes; he has done his part to please the audience.

PATRICIA GURD, 9-11

A WOMAN'S PROFESSION

In this world of ours dwell two sexes,
The man who soothes, the woman who vexes
This poem deals with what men call a fool,
The sex that uses gossip as a tool.

They talk to their friends all about friends,
Tell personal things, that they know sends
The friends to more friends to relate the
news

Of dying aunt Maggie or dead Uncle Hughs.

There is only one reason, and this is the
truth,

For the kind things said and those uncouth,
Its the hunger for gossip (and sometimes
the thirst)

That sends women running to tell the news
first.

This is their profession; this is the junk.
If I don't write this poem, I'll probably flunk.
So bear with me for conclusion, for one
timely verse.

One catching enough to make women converse.

This is the statement of an intelligent man!
(For this, I believe, is what I am!)

"It's not woman's gossip that really confuses,

It's her figure of speech that she
readily uses.

GEORGE PARKER, 11-C

The Chickens Come Home To Roost

"Miss Roberts, decline the verb rogo."

Glenora got to her feet and slowly droned out the principal parts of the Latin verb and sat down again.

"Latin is an awful thing to end the day with," she thought. "It would be much better to have it first thing in the morning and get it over with."

At this point her daydreaming was interrupted by the distant sound of an electric bell. Within seconds of its ringing the whole class suddenly came to life like a hive of bees which had been disturbed. Glenora hurriedly zippered up her notebook, and, being one of the first to leave the Latin classroom, was one of the first to get to her home room. She squirmed impatiently as the rest of her form arrived and the attendance was taken. As the teacher looked up after taking the attendance and announced, "Alright," the students again came to life and started out for various after-school activities.

Glenora hurried to her locker and after dialing the combination three times, finally got the locker open. She grabbed her coat and a few books and made her way from the building.

Minutes later she reached a beat-up rattle trap of a car and climbed in beside the driver. "Hi, Glen, what kept you?" he asked as he shoved the car into gear and started off with a screech of tires. Before she could answer, he announced that they were going to a dance that Wednesday night at the "Hot Times Club".

"I'd like to, Ken, but you know how much homework I have and how my mother crabs when I don't do it."

He tramped on the brake for a red light and, after making sure there were no cars coming, shifted his foot to the accelerator and went right through.

"We could make it Saturday if you don't want to go on Wednesday. It is awful hard to find things to do at nights when you are doing homework, though."

He speeded up and passed the car ahead. A green light blinked to amber, then to red as he approached. Knowing that he couldn't get stopped in time, he jammed on the brakes and slowed down enough to turn without rolling over. The tires protested this movement with a terrific squeal. As he turned he caught a glimpse of a man in blue standing on the corner. He jammed the accelerator to the floor and two blocks further on he turned off onto a side street and slowed down.

"Don't worry about that guy reporting you, Ken," Glenora said, as he turned a few more corners. "That was a mailman, not a cop!"

"What time is it Glen? Is there time to go swimming before you go home?"

"It is about five o'clock. I don't think we can make it tonight. Let's go to the Soda Bar instead, and kill a little time."

"O. K., but I don't know why I always do as you say. Maybe I like you to the point of being feeble-minded."

"You're that too," laughed Glenora, "but don't worry about it too much."

The next day she again met Ken after school and went for a ride with him. As was their custom, they drove recklessly through the streets leaving a wake of cursing drivers behind them.

After several near accidents Ken slowed down and began to drive more carefully.

"I've had enough joy riding for tonight. How about you?"

"Me too. It sure is fun though."

At that moment Ken jammed on the brakes and she returned her attention to the road in time to feel a bump and see a small body roll over and over in the gutter. Ken immediately slammed his foot on the accelerator and turned the next corner before anyone noticed who had been involved in the accident. He went home immediately in his usual way, turning corners on two wheels and gunning the motor on straight

stretches. As the car screeched to a halt in the garage, he broke out into a cold sweat and his head fell forward onto his arms which were resting on the steering wheel.

Glenora was too shocked to say anything. Ken, too, was stunned by the swift happening of events.

"My aunt always said that this car would do me more harm than good, but I didn't believe her and bought it anyway I wish I had never seen it. Too much easy money was—the cause of this. I guess I'm spoiled."

"My mother and father were killed in a plane crash when I was a kid. My father had made a lot of money in the stock markets. His will left most of it to me and the rest to my aunt, provided that she kept me till I was twenty-one. I always got my own way by threatening to run away before I was twenty-one and she got the money. She gets enough from the estate to cover her expenses where I am concerned."

He had begun his story in a jerky manner as if his mind was wandering and he was thinking of many things. But not being able to talk of them all at once he made unrelated remarks about several. Once started, he pulled himself together, and as he finished, his old character returned to him.

"Nobody saw who it was who hit the kid. Did they?" he asked suddenly in a voice which demanded reassurance.

"I—I don't think so. I hope not," replied Glenora in a voice which was far from reassuring.

"I'll have to take the chance that no one did," he said in a firmer tone.

This was the reckless driver of earlier, a person who was willing to take a chance on anything.

He walked her home and tried to cheer her up, but after a few remarks the conversation died and he decided not to try to resurrect it. As she turned in her front walk he burst out suddenly, "Don't forget our date on Saturday."

* * *

On the way home from the "Hot Times Club," Ken pulled into a secluded spot and after a few minutes of silence he began, "You didn't seem to enjoy yourself very much tonight, Glen. What was the matter?"

"You know very well what was the matter. I couldn't help thinking about that kid you hit. He's been unconscious since Tuesday. His parents must feel terrible."

"I don't feel very good about it either. I haven't had a good night's sleep since it happened. I should have slowed down more. If I had only known that he would run out from the curb."

"All that is over with now though; there is nothing we can do about it. If we had been going as fast as we usually go he'd have been killed. As it is, he has about a fifty-fifty chance of living."

"How fast were we going?"

"I don't know for sure. That was before I fixed the speedometer. We couldn't have been doing over thirty, though."

"That's within the speed limit; why don't you tell the police exactly how it happened; that it was an accident."

"Do you think I'm crazy?," Ken shot back. "As it is, they haven't got a thing on me. Nobody could recognize the car after I took off the fenders and painted her yellow."

"That isn't the point! How would you feel if one of your children had been injured by a hit and run driver who wasn't even man enough to admit that he had done it? You'll never be able to forget it. You will always be wondering how your friends would feel about it if they knew. You had better take me home now. I don't feel like arguing with you."

Slowly, almost mechanically he started the car and did as she had directed. Nothing was said during the drive. As she was about to get out of the car he broke the silence, "I'm not the kind of a guy who can do the right thing just because it is right. I have to have a good reason. If I turned myself in, what good would it do."

"It would prove to me that you aren't a coward," was all she said as she slammed the car door and ran into the house.

He sat for nearly a quarter of an hour before he went on his way. Even then he did not go home, but returned to the secluded spot where he and Glenora had been an hour before. He sat for awhile trying to collect his thoughts, then decided that it would be better to stop thinking.

Hoping to substitute physical action for mental action, he started the car again and headed for the main highway, which was almost deserted at that time of night. Slowly his foot squeezed the accelerator to the floor. The small light in the centre of the speedometer needle changed from amber to red as it passed the fifty miles per hour mark. It continued its clockwise course until it was hovering at the eighty. "This is the life," he thought, then realized that he was thinking. "It's no use. I guess I'll go to bed."

The next day he called at Glenora's home. She did not seem very pleased to see him. Instead of getting into the car she stood leaning on the door, staring at the upholstery of the front seat. "I'm not going with you today, Ken. I've decided not to go out with you until you've told the police about the accident.

"Still singing the same old song eh! I guess you know the answer to that one."

"Alright, suit yourself. I'll never turn you in, but I'm not going out with you until you've cleared yourself."

With this last statement she raised her head and looked him in the eye for a few seconds before somewhat reluctantly turning around and walking into the house.

During the next week Glenora's teachers noticed a very definite improvement in her work but, also, a definite decline in her attitude toward it. It was as if she hated doing her work, yet did it more conscientiously to keep her mind from dwelling on something else.

Several times Ken called, but she refused to talk to him.

Ken had changed during the short time too. He played more pool than he ever had before, because when he could concentrate on something he could relax and forget his troubles. However after he left the poolroom his troubles returned to him, as the old expression puts it, like chickens coming home to roost.

A few days later Glenora almost bumped into him as she left school. He had obviously been waiting for her. She noticed the peaceful look on his face as he exclaimed, "Well, I did it! I went to the police and told them the whole story! Let's go somewhere where we can talk and I'll tell you all about it."

Together they hurried to a nearby park and sat down on a bench.

"Wh . . . where . . . when did you do it?", Glenora stammered.

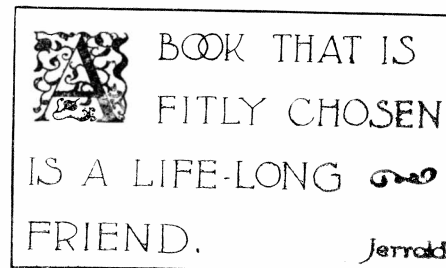
"This morning. I told them everything. I told my aunt last night. She really gave me a raking over the coals but she didn't want me to turn myself in. She bailed me out of jail and she is going to pay the hospital expenses of the little boy."

"When did you decide to do it?"

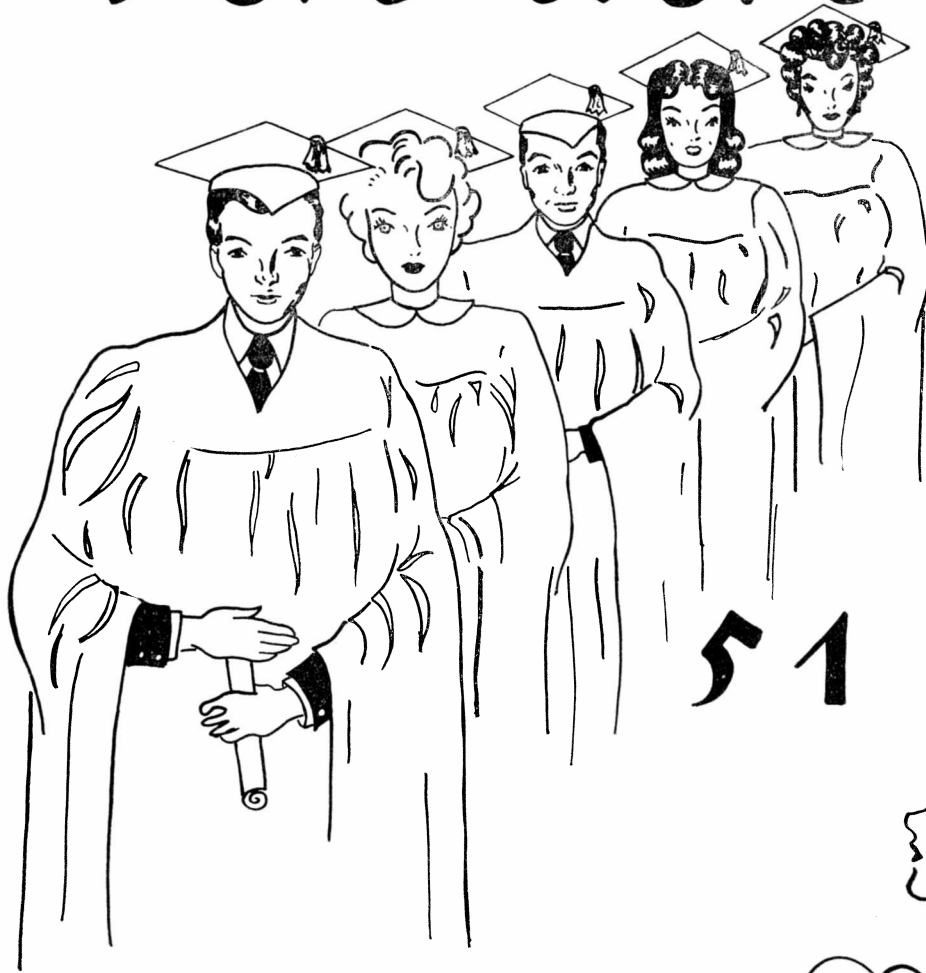
"Yesterday afternoon. I was thinking and I decided that the only reasons I had for not turning myself in were selfish ones: so I did it!"

"I'm glad you did."

JIM HAMILTON, 13-A



Graduates



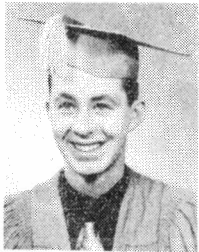
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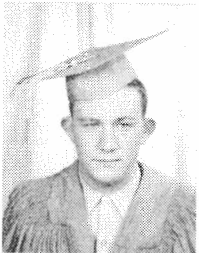
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GENERAL DEPARTMENT

FORM 13-A
MISS MARTIN

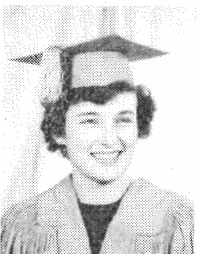
JACK ANDERSON
F. F.: "Socks".
Past.: Ad Astra.
P. P.: Homework.
Asp.: Architect.
1961: Editing Sarnia "Disturber"
Aphor.: "Oh Horrors".

EUNICE BURR
F. F.: Students' Council Reports.
Past.: Reading.
P. P.: Biology Diagrams.
Asp.: School Marm.
1961: Liggetts'.
Aphor.: "Oh, that was easy!"



MILTON CAPES
F. F.: Skipping Gym Classes.
Past.: Thinking up excuses.
P. P.: Cleaning out test tubes.
Asp.: Chemist.
1961: Truck Driver.
Aphor.: "That's what **he** thinks."

ROSS CHARLTON
F. F.: Athletic Ability?
Past.: Borrowing homework.
P. P.: Mathematics.
Asp.: To get out of school.
1961: Heaven only knows.
Aphor.: "Lend me your Trig."



JACKIE CHRISTON
F. F.: Hitting the target.
Past.: Girls' Rifle Club.
P. P.: French.
Asp.: To pass in French.
1961: Who knows.
Aphor.: "Oh no!"

RON COX
F. F.: Candid Shots.
Past.: Darkroom(s).
P. P.: Trietz's jokes.
Asp.: Photographer.
1961: Baby sitting.
Aphor.: "I see . . ."



ALICIA "ORRIE" DOBROSKI
F. F.: Her father's Studebaker.
Past.: Giving pedestrians grey hairs.
P. P.: Traffic lights.
Asp.: Nurse.
1961: Corine.
Aphor.: "Explain it to me, George."

DOROTHY FIELD
F. F.: Grey matter.
Past.: Homework.
P. P.: Writing compositions.
Asp.: Dietician.
1961: Running a hot dog stand.
Aphor.: "I'm hungry."



F. F.—Famous For; Past.—Pastime; P. P.—Pet Peeve; Asp.—Aspiration; Aphor.—Aphorism



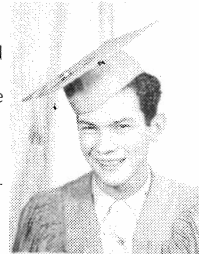
DICK GLASS
F. F.: Physics marks.
Past.: Colonial.
P. P.: Mr. Dennis.
Asp.: Field Engineer.
1961: Korea.
Aphor.: "Ahhhhh . . ."

MARY MARGARET GREENWOOD
F. F.: Chocolate Fudge.
Past.: Girls' Athletics.
P. P.: Trig. Homework.
Asp.: Artist.
1961: Model.
Aphor.: "Gee, did we have that for homework?"



ELIZABETH "LIZ" HAMILTON
F. F.: Intelligence.
Past.: Talking back to Mr. Trietz
P. P.: Physics problems.
Asp.: Home Economics Teacher.
1961: Backwood's school.
Aphor.: "Who's got my notes now?"

JAMES "BUGS" K. HAMILTON
F. F.: Quick wit.
Past.: 367 pp., Pride & Prejudice
P. P.: Trig. Theorems.
Asp.: Engineer.
1961: Maintenance Worker.
Aphor.: "That's most extraordinary."



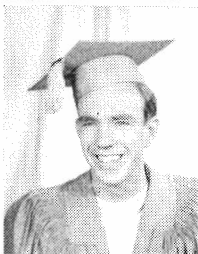
MARY "ME" JANES
F. F.: Being just Mary.
Past.: Picking up stray cats.
P. P.: A certain blue Math book.
Asp.: Trying to be on time.
1961: Still trying.
Aphor.: "For Pete's sake."

WILLIAM "BUTCH" JOHNSTON
F. F.: Oral Composition.
Past.: Soda Jerk.
P. P.: Homework.
Asp.: R. M. C.
1961: Grease monkey.
Aphor.: "I ain't Not neither."



GEORGE J. LANGMYHR
F. F.: Honest face.
Past.: Coming to school.
P. P.: The sight of the S.C.I.&T.S.
Asp.: Surgeon.
1961: Cutting up.
Aphor.: "Wait until I hit the Western campus."

SALLY "McGILL" McCRAE
F. F.: Her rendition of James McGill.
Past.: Talking to Rutherford.
P. P.: Physics.
Asp.: Phys. Ed. at McGill.
1961: Mr. Dennis's Physics class.
Aphor.: "Isobel, think of something!"



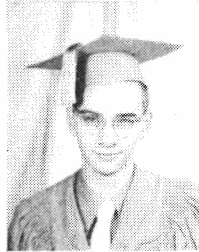
LEWIS "DUFFERIN" MASON
F. F.: Wit.
Past.: Snooker.
P. P.: Girls with no make-up.
Asp.: Geologist.
1961: Belton's Cement Block Factory.
Aphor.: "There's no use overdoing this."

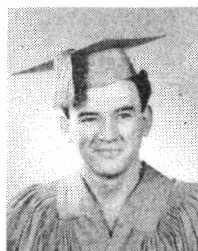
TOM MOORE
F. F.: Suds.
Past.: Going to S. C. I.
P. P.: Closing time 12 midnight.
Asp.: Civil Engineer.
1961: Mucker in a mine.
Aphor.: "Let's go for a smoke."



RON "CHOO CHOO" MORAN
F. F.: Now when I was at St. Pat's.
Past.: The Guidance office.
P. P.: "Dutchie" Zinc.
Asp.: Dentist.
1961: Kenwick.
Aphor.: "I have five more shares now."

GARY PETERSON
F. F.: Stories about Windsor.
Past.: Working? at Loblaw's.
P. P.: Starched collars.
Asp.: Army Officer.
1961: Buck Private.
Aphor.: "Now down in Windsor."

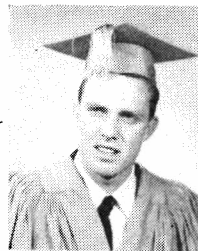


**CHART REECE**

F. F.: Blackface act in the So-Ed Show.
 Past.: Going out with the boys.
 P. P.: The opposite sex.
 Asp.: Doctor.
 1961: Providing business for Robb's.
 Aphor.: "I'll pass if it takes 10 years!"

TIM REIMAN

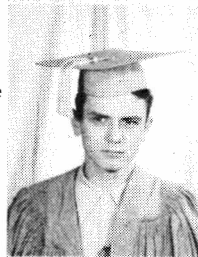
F. F.: His Florida tan.
 Past.: Swimming.
 P. P.: People who slam his car door.
 Asp.: Grad of U. of Michigan.
 1961: Grad of S. C. I.
 Aphor.: "Terrific."

**MARIE ROBERTSON**

F. F.: Missing school.
 Past.: Catching up on notes.
 P. P.: Latin.
 Asp.: Nurse.
 1961: Mother of five.
 Aphor.: "Boy, did we have fun."

LORNE ROSEBRUGH

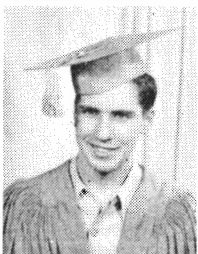
F. F.: Getting points for the team.
 Past.: Raking leaves.
 P. P.: Goofy women.
 Asp.: Ford Trade School.
 1961: General in Russian Army.
 Aphor.: "Dad, lend me the car."

**ISOBEL RUTHERFORD**

F. F.: Her intelligence.
 Past.: Listening to Sally.
 P. P.: Janes running around without her boots on.
 Asp.: Obstetrician.
 1961: Baby sitting.
 Aphor.: "Goodness, George."

JOHN SANDERS

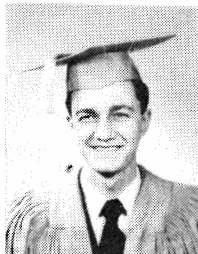
F. F.: The Texans.
 Past.: Playing the guitar.
 P. P.: Physics.
 Asp.: Big business.
 1961: Teaching Spanish to South Koreans.
 Aphor.: "I don't care."

**HUGH SHORT**

F. F.: Putting Volley balls in the Gym Gallery.
 Past.: Horse'n around.
 P. P.: Exams.
 Asp.: Your guess is as good as his.
 1961: Professor.
 Aphor.: "Don't mind if I do."

LYALL SLATTERIE

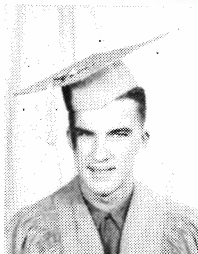
F. F.: Nothing and Everything.
 Past.: Collecting records.
 P. P.: Learning Spanish.
 Asp.: Commercial artist.
 1961: Still learning Spanish.
 Aphor.: "I'm Laughing!!"

**DAVE SMITH**

F. F.: Cruises to Marine City.
 Past.: Talking to J.W. in the hall.
 P. P.: American Beer.
 Asp.: Dentist.
 1961: Deck Swab on a Rum-runner.
 Aphor.: "Drop that @c*\$&lb anchor."

LORNE SMITH

F. F.: French ability.
 Past.: Annoying the teachers.
 P. P.: Women.
 Asp.: R. M. C.
 1961: R. C. A. F. Corporal.
 Aphor.: "Got you French done?"

**ROBERT SMITH**

F. F.: Pres. of Students' Council.
 Past.: Port Huron.
 P. P.: People who don't return notes.
 Asp.: Chemical Engineer.
 1961: Test-tube washer.
 Aphor.: "Where are my notes?"

MABEL STEWART

F. F.: Mendy's little helper.
 Past.: Biology diagrams.
 P. P.: Gum chewing clerks.
 Asp.: Good paying job.
 1961: Keelans.
 Aphor.: "I'm sorry, it's not in stock."



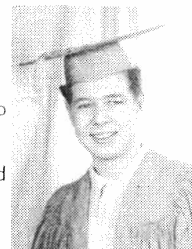


TREVOR STOREY

F. F.: Mechanical errors in Geometry.
 Past.: Curling.
 P. P.: Latin.
 Asp.: Public Accountant.
 1961: Serving time for embezzlement.
 Aphor.: "Sweep."

GEORGE VINCENT

F. F.: Songs in So-Ed Shows
 Past.: Sarnia Armouries.
 P. P.: Not enough time to do homework.
 Asp.: Surgeon.
 1961: Vincent and Reece "Odd Jobs."
 Aphor.: "You Can't Win."



SALLY WILKINSON

F. F.: Height (4ft, 11 inches).
 Past.: Reading.
 P. P.: Ungentlemanly manners on the school bus.
 Asp.: Teacher.
 1961: S. C. I. & T. S.
 Aphor.: "You should see our new horse."

MARY PRINGLE

F. F.: Her Boyfriends.
 Past.: Boys.
 P. P.: Girls.
 Asp.: What do you think?
 1961: Dietician at boys' college.
 Aphor.: "Have you seen . . . ?"



FORM 13-B

MR. SOUTHCOMBE

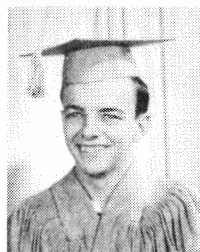


BRIAN "RED" ADAMSON

F. F.: Nothing in particular.
 Past.: Bowling.
 P. P.: Mothballs in Physics class.
 Asp.: Champion bowler.
 1961: Pin boy.
 Aphor.: "Eyes on the road."

JACK BEATON

F. F.: I. S. C. F. (Prexy).
 Past.: Y. P. U. Work.
 P. P.: School Teachers.
 Asp.: Theology.
 1961: Pew-Duster.
 Aphor.: "Guff!!!"



BILL BEDARD

F. F.: Avoidance of females.
 Past.: Midnight Walks.
 P. P.: Toronto Maple Leafs.
 Asp.: National Billiards Champion.
 1961: Serving 10th year in the army.
 Aphor.: "Man, was that Latin rough!"

JOAN BOND

F. F.: Sleeping in History.
 Past.: Talking to Pam.
 P. P.: Glasses.
 Asp.: Linguist.
 1961: "maman"
 Aphor.: "Well . . . ?"



JIM CAMPBELL

F. F.: Homework.
 Past.: Merry.
 P. P.: Guys that borrow homework
 Asp.: Nihil feminarum.
 1961: Point Sheds.
 Aphor.: "My translation is . . ."

ROBERT CHILTON

F. F.: Latin Cribs.
 Past.: Going out nights.
 P. P.: '39 Hudson.
 Asp.: To remain a civilian.
 1961: Editor of Coles Scholastic Publications.
 Aphor.: "Peasant!!"





JIM CROSS

F. F.: Nothing in particular.
 Past.: Catching up in homework.
 P. P.: Missing school bus.
 Asp.: Teacher.
 1961: Assistant Secretary to an Assistant Sec. in the Dept. of Education.
 Aphor.: How far did you get in Latin Translation?"

ESME GANDER

F. F.: Talking fast.
 Past.: Going to the show.
 P. P.: Being called Esma.
 Asp.: Secretary up North.
 1961: Still at the Library.
 Aphor.: "Jeepers Creepers."



VICTORIA KIASKO

F. F.: "Those Curves."
 Past.: Getting 100 in History.
 P. P.: Treitz's jokes.
 Asp.: She's got us guessing.
 1961: Still guessing.
 Aphor.: "You guess."

GERTRUDE LANGMYHR

F. F.: Banguets in Biology spares.
 Past.: Knitting mitts for Molly.
 P. P.: People interrupting Biology spares at the wrong time.
 Asp.: Nurse.
 1961: Old men's ward.
 Aphor.: "D'you know what I did"



DON R. LUNNEY

F. F.: Long discourses.
 Past.: Golf.
 P. P.: Short Assemblies.
 Asp.: Canadian Golf Champion.
 1961: Teaching a dog kinter-garden.
 Aphor.: "There's madness in my method."

PAMELA MOORE

F. F.: Artistic Ability.
 Past.: Talking to Joan.
 P. P.: "Modern Art."
 Asp.: Artist.
 1961: Wife of a "modern" art
 Aphor.: "Egad!", said Red.



FRANCES MORRIS

F. F.: Good Temper.
 Past.: Saturday night hockey games.
 P. P.: Being short.
 Asp.: Secretary at I. O. L.
 1961: Sample girl at I. O. L.
 Aphor.: "It's getting brighter."

PATRICIA NOBLE

F. F.: That serious attitude.
 Past.: Losing her glasses.
 P. P.: Men?
 Asp.: Journalist.
 1961: Peddling papers.
 Aphor.: "Listen you . . ."



JOAN RICHARDSON

F. F.: Her calmness.
 Past.: Coming to school.
 P. P.: Corderoy Fedoras.
 Asp.: Normal School.
 1961: Teacher.
 Aphor.: "I don't know."

MARY RICHARDSON

F. F.: That easy blush.
 Past.: Pets.
 P. P.: Getting up in the morning.
 Asp.: Western U.
 1961: Raising a family.
 Aphor.: "Don't bother me now."



BILL WADLAND

F. F.: Back seat - - "driving"?
 Past.: Enjoying **himself**.
 P. P.: Too many Physics problems.
 / sp.: Pharmacist.
 1961: Bottle washer for his father
 Aphor.: "I got news for you."

CAROL YOUNG

F. F.: Her curly hair.
 Past.: St. Andrew's.
 P. P.: Math.
 Asp.: Teacher.
 1961: 10 years wiser.
 Aphor.: "Oh, dear."



TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT

FORM T-12-A

MR. HELSON



FRANCIS R. AMBROISE
F. F.: Minding his own business.
Past.: Scientific hobbies.
P. P.: Shakespeare.
Asp.: To be a gentleman.
1961: Dead (probably).
Aphor.: "YUKKSHA MUSH."

GEORGE BURR

F. F.: Foot-loose and fancy free.
Past.: Mary Ann Maxfield.
P. P.: Speaking at Rotary Club.
Asp.: To trap a wife.
1961: He'll be delivering beer.
Aphor.: "Do you think the rain
will warp the cucumbers?"



MURRAY (SLIM) CALLFRAS
F. F.: Attracting women.
Past.: Hunting (what).
P. P.: Typing.
Asp.: Machinist.
1961: Retired.
Aphor.: "Drop dead."

FRED COLE

F. F.: Give him time, please,
say 1961.
Past.: The Billiard Hall.
P. P.: "Little Iodine."
Asp.: A draftsman.
1961: Ha - "washing dishes."
Aphor.: "u hooo me!"



GARTH "SINGING SAM" DEW
F. F.: Hockey.
Past.: Joan Richardson.
P. P.: A tough Coach.
Asp.: To learn how to skate.
1961: A wife and family.
Aphor.: "O.K. Coach."

BILL ELLIOT

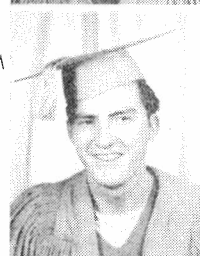
F. F.: Football.
Past.: Wine and women.
P. P.: Yapping first formers.
Asp.: Tool and Die Market.
1961: Original hot rod.
Aphor.: "Listen, chum . . ."



RON GLADWISH
F. F.: Safe driving.
Past.: Looking for a job.
P. P.: Hitch-hiking home.
Asp.: To graduate.
1961: Graduating from T-12.
Aphor.: "That's life."

ELLSWORTH 'LOVERBOY' GRAHAM

F. F.: Pool Shark.
Past.: Flirting.
P. P.: Women.
Asp.: Welder.
1961: Who Knows.
Aphor.: "Hot Tip."



BOB GRAVELLE
F. F.: Hobbies.
Past.: A woman in every port.
P. P.: Shakespeare.
Asp.: Sailor.
1961: Retired in the bottom of
the sea.
Aphor.: "Don't work too hard."

EWART HARKINS

F. F.: Football.
Past.: Chatham.
P. P.: Mouthy, Muscles, Charac-
ters.
Asp.: Jet Pilot.
1961: Air Force.
Aphor.: "Watch it, Curly."



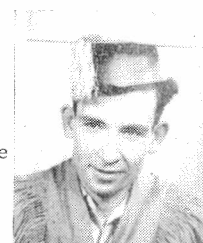


BILL MEESON

F. F.: What he's not.
 Past.: First thing he hit upon.
 P. P.: Women! !!
 Asp.: Commercial Arts.
 1961: Born ten years too soon.
 Aphor.: "Yeh."

BOB NAYLOR

F. F.: Knowledge.
 Past.: Marilyn.
 P. P.: Doing homework.
 Asp.: Geologist.
 1961: Working at the Cosy Cove
 Aphor.: "Tough Eh?"

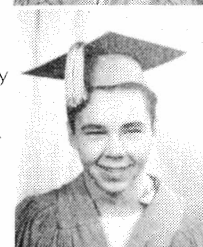


HAROLD "HAP" RANDALL

F. F.: Sports.
 Past.: Alcoholic Anonymous.
 P. P.: Practice.
 Asp.: Baseball player.
 1961: Pee Wee league.
 Aphor.: "I ain't got nothing."

DON SOUTHCOMBE

F. F.: Speaking his mind - plainly
 Past.: Mary Lee Mills
 P. P.: "Mitzie."
 Asp.: Tool & Die Maker or Air
 Force.
 1961: A father.
 Aphor.: "I couldn't care less."



RALPH WATSON

F. F.: Basketball.
 Past.: Girls.
 P. P.: Julius Caesar.
 Asp.: To get off the bench.
 1961: A ditch digger with a
 shovel with a painted
 handle.
 Aphor.: "Lend me your notes."

PETE WOODCOCK

F. F.: Stag dances.
 Past.: Sleeping.
 P. P.: Shakespeare.
 Asp.: Aristocratic Ditch Digger.
 1961: Baby Buggies.
 Aphor.: "Do I like girls? Darn
 right I do."



FORM T-12-B

MR. FULLERTON

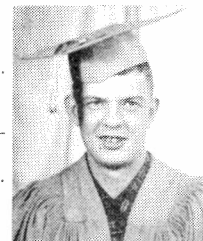


JACK ADAMS

F. F.: Coming late.
 Past.: Irritating teachers.
 P. P.: Good basketball players.
 Asp.: To pass in English.
 1961: S.C.I. & T.S. (room 206)
 Aphor.: "I'll tape your fingers
 to a live wire."

ALICK BURDETTE

F. F.: Hard work.
 Past.: Tinkering with test tubes.
 P. P.: I.A.H.L. referees.
 Asp.: Lab technician.
 1961: Bottlewasher at Silver-
 woods.
 Aphor.: "No time like tomorrow."

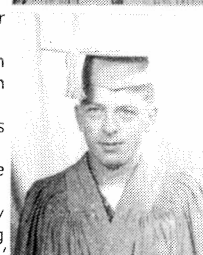


JOHN DE BLIEK

F. F.: High marks.
 Past.: Tinkering.
 P. P.: Standing on the school bus
 for six miles.
 Asp.: Graduate of Ryerson.
 1961: Janitor at Bunyan School.
 Aphor.: "Any homework?"

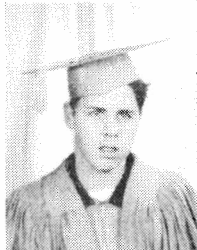
DONALD DINEL

F. F.: Cackling laughter.
 Past.: Mr. Hawleys fix it or
 wreck it shop.
 P. P.: The feeling you get from
 those wires running from
 the panel.
 Asp.: Repairing electrical defects
 in girls dressing rooms.
 1961: Don't fear, Dinel is here
 in 1961.
 Aphor.: "Gee, look at the pretty
 smoke and sparks coming
 out of the motor I fixed."



**BOB DOYON**

F. F.: Interest in Cadet Work.
 Past.: Girlfriend's house.
 P. P.: Mr. Payne's attitude toward him.
 Asp.: To be a four star general.
 1961: Army Officer.
 Aphor.: "Oh I don't know."

**BURTON HODGSON**

F. F.: Being late.
 Past.: Sleeping.
 P. P.: Getting up in the morning.
 Asp.: To graduate from S.C.I.
 1961: Trying to graduate from S.C.I.
 Aphor.: "Lend me your English."

**LEO LAMPINEN**

F. F.: Speeding.
 Past.: Driving Cab.
 P. P.: Mis-cues.
 Asp.: Einstein.
 1961: Washing test tubes.
 Aphor.: "It won't blow up, Bill."

**BILL PRULIERE**

F. F.: Tall stories.
 Past.: Trying to find nothing to do.
 P. P.: Experiments don't explode often enough.
 Asp.: To be a bachelor and to teach his kids to be the same.
 1961: Scattered all over I.O.L.
 Aphor.: "Singd my Eyeballs."

**DAVID RICHARDSON**

F. F.: Boxing Antics,
 Past.: Kenwick.
 P. P.: Trying to urge Alec ahead in Science.
 Asp.: Electrician.
 1961: Coach cleaner at C.N.R. if graduated by then.
 Aphor.: "Hello, Mate."

**JOHN WELLINGTON**

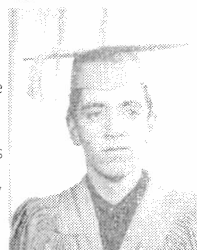
F. F.: Pickup truck.
 Past.: S. C. I. & T. S.
 P. P.: Guys with new cars.
 Asp.: To look 21 years old.
 1961: Trying to invent a bladeless knife to peel the apples he didn't grow.
 Aphor.: "Look at that stuff".

BILL GLENDON

F. F.: Basketball and Softball ability.
 Past.: Corner Russell & Wellington.
 P. P.: Mothers who think boy friends should go home early.
 Asp.: To sleep and get paid for it
 1961: Deadline shift at the Post Office.
 Aphor.: "Holy screws and little blocks."

**LEN JENNINGS**

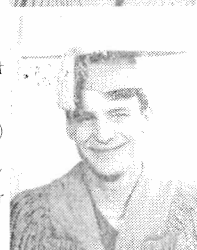
F. F.: Not having homework done
 Past.: Washing cars at Ken's.
 P. P.: Car's still dirty.
 Asp.: To wash a car in 8 minutes
 1961: Washing cars at Ken's.
 Aphor.: "Want your car washed?"

**PETER LAMPMAN**

F. F.: Who knows.
 Past.: Guess again.
 P. P.: We couldn't say.
 Asp.: You name it.
 1961: You guess.
 Aphor.: Censored.

**WILFRED RAYMER**

F.F.: Wilf Call (mind you not Wolf.)
 Past.: Technical Fouls.
 P.P.: A dead man (Julius Caesar)
 Asp.: A girl friend.
 1961: "Can you spare a dime."
 Aphor.: "What did you say her name was?"

**DYLE "SNUFFY" SMITH**

F. F.: Wreckless Driving.
 Past.: Looking for Women.
 P. P.: Deserted Streets.
 Asp.: Ride Annapolis Speedway.
 1961: Still looking.
 Aphor.: "Pile a Cab."



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

FORM C-12

MR. COLES



AUDREY BAINES

F. F.: "The Chorus Line Girl".
 Past.: Bothering the mail man.
 P. P.: St. Catherines, too far away
 Asp.: Marry Big Murph.
 1961: Raisin' little Murphs'.
 Aphor.: "Killing"

UNA MAE BATTLE

F. F.: Cheerfulness.
 Past.: We Wonder.
 P. P.: Getting to school at 7.45.
 Asp.: Graduate.
 1961: Housewife.
 Aphor.: "Ya-ah"!!!



DOREEN BOYD

F.F.: Combing her hair.
 Past.: Ray.
 P. P.: Being told what to do.
 Asp.: Private Secretary for a certain Dance Studio.
 1961: Matrimony.
 Aphor.: "Say Now".

SHIRLEY CAPES

F. F.: Quietness.
 Past.: Sewing.
 P. P.: People who loiter.
 Asp.: To cut a stencil without error.
 1961: Mother of seven.
 Aphor.: "I'm tired".



MARY CEPKA

F. F.: Height.
 Past.: Buying clothes.
 P. P.: Organ music
 Asp.: To get out of school.
 1961: Time will tell? ? ? ?
 Aphor.: "Well La de da".

PAULINE COOK

F. F.: Funny faces.
 Past.: Kenwick.
 P. P.: Little English cars.
 Asp.: Travel.
 1961: Conneticut.
 Aphor.: "Oh, Stop".



ANNE DAVICH

F. F.: Leadership.
 Past.: In the gym.
 P. P.: Poor Sportsmanship.
 Asp.: Travelling.
 1961: Woman of the world.
 Aphor.: "May I speak to the class".

BARBARA ELLIS

F. F.: Living in Corunna.
 Past.: We wonder.
 P. P.: Bill's other girls.
 Asp.: Mrs. Wm. R.
 1961: Keeping house.
 Aphor.: "Who was he out with last night?"





HARRIETTE ETKIN

F. F.: Giggles.
 Past.: Sleeping.
 P. P.: Younger Sister.
 Asp.: Secretary.
 1961: Old maid.
 Aphor.: "Is that right."

WILMA "WILLIE" GALE

F. F.: Athletic Ability.
 Past.: Skating.
 P. P.: Room 108.
 Asp.: 100 in shorthand.
 1961: Taking extra classes in S. H.
 Aphor.: "That's for sure."



DORIS GOODACRE

F. F.: Doing anything for a laugh
 Past.: Meeting boys from the States.
 P. P.: Hates Snobs.
 Asp.: Professional baby sitter.
 1961: Holding Christmas for her kids.
 Aphor.: "By Da---"

AUDREY HANNAH

F. F.: Big Brown Eyes.
 Past.: Eating.
 P. P.: Being called "Fatty."
 Asp.: Being successful in short-hand.
 1961: Living in Detroit.
 Aphor.: "Criminee."



BILL JOHNSTON

F. F.: Business Machine.
 Past.: Cosy Cove.
 P. P.: S. C. I. & T. S.
 Asp.: Walker Bros.
 1961: Who knows.
 Aphor.: "You'll be sorry."

HELEN JOYNT

F. F.: Shorthand.
 Past.: Telling jokes.
 P. P.: School.
 Asp.: Imperial Oil.
 1961: Zellers stock room.
 Aphor.: "I haven't a clue."



JEAN KNIGHT

F. F.: Athletic Ability.
 Past.: Trying to learn to swim.
 P. P.: Being called Joan and Helen.
 Asp.: Secretary.
 1961: Randolph's.
 Aphor.: "And look like you."

ELIZABETH LIZZARD

F. F.: Calmness.
 Past.: Eating.
 P. P.: Lizzie.
 Asp.: Polymer.
 1961: Old maid.
 Aphor.: "Oh, my gosh."



BARBARA LUCAS

F. F.: Red hair.
 Past.: Sleeping.
 P. P.: Shorthand.
 Asp.: To clean the locker.
 1961: S. C. I. & T. S.
 Aphor.: "Oh, no!"

ANNE LUCIENTONIO

F. F.: Jitterbug.
 Past.: Kenwick.
 P. P.: Bobby Sox.
 Asp.: Raising Melons.
 1961: Melon Crop.
 Aphor.: "Holy Cow."

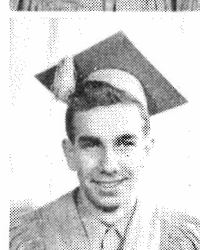


LORRAINE McLAUGHLIN

F. F.: Eating.
 Past.: Eating.
 P. P.: Not getting to bed early enough - due to homework.
 Asp.: To have a good time.
 1961: Living, I hope.
 Aphor.: "Well, I guess so."

ROGER MORPHEW

F. F.: Tearing tickets.
 Past.: Capitol Theatre.
 P. P.: S. C. I. & T. S.
 Asp.: Accountant.
 1961: Who knows.
 Aphor.: "Tickets, please."





RON MORPHEY
F. F.: Spelling.
Past.: Baby sitter.
P. P.: S. C. I. & T. S.
Asp.: Manager of anything.
1961: Who Knows.
Aphor.: "My heart cries for you"

HELEN PRIEBE
F. F.: Hair
Past.: Piano.
P. P.: Teasing.
Asp.: Secretary.
1961: Married.
Aphor.: "Oh, Darn it".



RITA SCHMID
F. F.: Dancing ability.
Past.: Riding in Ford Coupes.
P. P.: No letter from Lucknow.
Asp.: A trip to Finland.
1961: Not a pessimist.
Aphor.: "Oh, No".

JOAN "SCOTTY" SCOTT
F. F.: Temper.
Past.: Doing shorthand home-work at noon.
P. P.: Do you wear rouge?
Asp.: To graduate.
1961: C-12.
Aphor.: "Couldn't care less".



LOLA SEWARD
F. F.: Wheeling the Chev.
Past.: Waiting for the boat.
P. P.: Eggs again.
Asp.: Never has any.
1961: Walking the baby.
Aphor.: "Just whatever you think's fair".

ANNA LEE SMITH
F. F.: Asking questions.
Past.: Rick J.
P. P.: Young Brother.
Asp.: Mrs. J.
1961: Pushing a baby buggy.
Aphor.: "Wouldn't that frost you"



MAE SMITH
F. F.: Red Hair.
Past.: Skating.
P. P.: Rising 6:30 a.m.
Asp.: Secretary.
1961: Housewife.
Aphor.: "Holy Cow".

CONNIE SWIFT
F. F.: Pretty sweaters.
Past.: Port Huron and Detroit.
P. P.: Being pushed around.
Asp.: To get out of school.
1961: Married — We hope.
Aphor.: "I ain't going to tell you"



DELORES VANDERBURG
F. F.: Red hair.
Past.: Singing.
P. P.: Being called "Red".
Asp.: To pass in Shorthand.
1961: Mrs. R.
Aphor.: "No Guff".

DONNA WHITE
F. F.: Clowning around.
Past.: Eating.
P. P.: Food.
Asp.: To travel.
1961: Who knows?
Aphor.: "Pish-d-pash"



SHIRLEY WOODROW
F. F.: Her glasses.
Past.: Day dreaming.
P. P.: Waking up
Asp.: Secretary.
1961: Washing Kresge's dishes.
Aphor.: "Close the Locker".

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

MR. KONKLE



DAWN MARIE BRITT

F. F.: Her long hair.
 Past.: Going to Pt. Huron for—
 music lessons?
 P. P.: Bringing a note the next
 day.
 Asp.: To sing in Carnegie Hall.
 1961: Singing in a U.S.O. Show.
 Aphor.: "That's terrific."

DOROTHY CLARKE

F.F.: 100% in Bookkeeping.
 Past.: Arena.
 P. P.: Other women.
 Asp.: To stay out 'till 12:05 a.m.
 1961: Still trying to get some
 sleep.
 Aphor.: "Am I ever tired."



RON DAGG

F.F.: Being late for So-Ed meet-
 ings.
 Past.: Buying postage stamps.
 P. P.: High cost of stationery.
 Asp.: To be a football player.
 1961: Water boy—Sarnia Im-
 perials.
 Aphor.: "While I was in St.
 Catharines."

DOREEN DAILEY

F.F.: Coincidental? meetings.
 Past.: Clearing the back fence
 at 8.44½ a.m.
 P. P.: Four teasing brothers.
 Asp.: Censored - - But quick!
 1961: Looking for a job.
 Aphor.: "... and I use the
 term loosely."



PAT DeGURSE

F.F.: Blue eyes.
 Past.: Basketball on Wed. night.
 P. P.: Not enough spares.
 Asp.: Mrs. M.
 1961: She'll make it.
 Aphor.: "Oh sayyy."

EVELYN DOAN

F.F.: Always on time.
 Past.: Going to hockey games.
 P. P.: She hasn't one.
 Asp.: Mrs. D.
 1961: Hard working secretary.
 Aphor.: "Aren't we smart?"



MARILYN DOUGHERTY

F. F.: Forgetting books.
 Past.: Giggling.
 P. P.: Staying home.
 Asp.: Imperial Oil Ltd.
 1961: ????
 Aphor.: "I don't know."

LORRAINE "TOBY" GORDON

F. F.: Announcements in Assem-
 bly.
 Past.: So-Ed Show.
 P. P.: No art work in C-Sp.
 Asp.: Commercial artist.
 1961: Painting scenery for So-Ed
 Aphor.: "Wonder if I got a
 letter?"



PAT HARRIS

F. F.: Shorthand?
 Past.: Forgetting.
 P. P.: Hoolie.
 Asp.: Undecided.
 1961: Still undecided.
 Aphor.: "Don't tell me your
 Troubles."

NORMA HOUGHTON

F. F.: Size.
 Past.: Laughing.
 P. P.: Bookkeeping.
 Asp.: To get more sleep.
 1961: Reece's Corners.
 Aphor.: "That makes me mad."





EDNA KING
 F. F.: Being a model student.
 Past.: Davis Street.
 P. P.: A pink and turquoise kerchief.
 Asp.: Hasn't got any.
 1961: That's a good question.
 Aphor.: Unprintable.



DONNA LEE
 F. F.: Day dreaming.
 Past.: Kenwick.
 P. P.: Doing homework.
 Asp.: To pass in History.
 1961: Mrs. R. W.
 Aphor.: "Oh darn."



VIRGINIA "GINNY" McKELLAR
 F. F.: Talkative eyes.
 Past.: Omitted by request.
 P. P.: Short week-ends.
 Asp.: To understand Mr. L's vocabulary.
 1961: Still trying.
 Aphor.: "Can't think of anything I'd rather do!"



IRENE MASON
 F. F.: That Mason laugh.
 Past.: Country dances.
 P. P.: Her five brothers.
 Asp.: 100 in typing.
 1961: Who knows.
 Aph.: "Oh, no!"



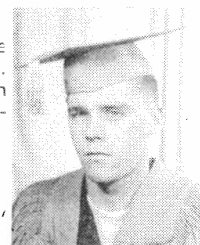
MARGERY OKE
 F. F.: Smile.
 Past.: Doing Math.
 P. P.: Mendy.
 Asp.: To move back out West.
 1961: Who knows.
 Aphor.: "Now back home."



DON RAWLINS
 F. F.: Going steady.
 Past.: Lois.
 P. P.: Mother-in-law.
 Asp.: Marriage.
 1961: Fireman.
 Aphor.: "That's what you think."

DOUG KIRTON

F. F.: His sempiternal use of the movable organ in the mouth.
 Past.: Letting his mind dwell on the symmetry of heavenly bodies.
 P. P.: Unkissable girls.
 Asp.: To live in Chicago.
 1961: Navy.
 Aphor.: "Hmmm - look at that."



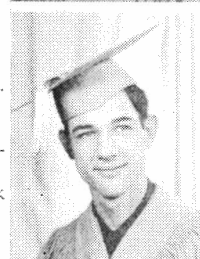
JEAN LETHBRIDGE

F. F.: Early morning cheerfulness?
 Past.: Giggling.
 P. P.: Kid sister.
 Asp.: 100 in bowling.
 1961: Pin-boy.
 Aphor.: "That's real fine."



JIM McLEAN

F. F.: Vocabulary.
 Past.: Trying to be a Cassanova.
 P. P.: "Law classes."
 Asp.: Pool shark.
 1961: Looking after kids at Devine Street Park.
 Aphor.: That isn't what the book says.



DICK "BUCKY" O'CONNOR

F. F.: His 1932 V-8.
 Past.: Shooting pool.
 P. P.: Miscues.
 Asp.: To own a new Buick.
 1961: Travelling Salesman.
 Aphor.: "See that Babe over there."



JEANNE PHAIR

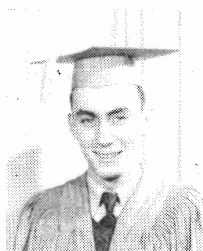
F. F.: Friendliness.
 Past.: Schoolwork.
 P. P.: Saturday night Hockey practice.
 Asp.: To play softball.
 1961: Bat-girl for Pontiacs.
 Aphor.: "Oh I don't tell you everything."



IRENE SCOTT

F. F.: Wishing.
 Past.: Eating.
 P. P.: Well - it isn't men.
 Asp.: Travelling (on anything but a bus.)
 1961: Still wishing.
 Aphor.: "Horse Feathers."





GLENN SHARP

F. F.: Music.
 Past.: Blowing his horn.
 P. P.: Goodnight Irene.
 Asp.: Stan Kenton.
 1961: Ooooooooo I'm Sharp the leader of the band, Although we're few in number we're the finest in the land.
 Aphor.: "Have you heard that one about . . ."



STEWART UNDERHILL

F. F.: Typing.
 Past.: Studying.
 P. P.: Grease.
 Asp.: To be with Ethyl.
 1961: Gas Station Attendant.
 Aphor.: "Only seven days in the week."



BEVERLEY WALKER

F. F.: Blond hair.
 Past.: Darryl.
 P. P.: Curfews.
 Asp.: To get office practice done on time.
 1961: Still doing office practice.
 Aphor.: "However!"



FRANCES WRAY

F. F.: Rushing in at 8.44 a.m.
 Past.: Day Dreaming.
 P. P.: Shorthand.
 Asp.: New Olds.
 1961: '48 Olds.
 Aphor.: "Is that right?"

JEANNE UNDERHAY

F. F.: Talking to the boys in Sp. Com.
 Past.: Rugby games.
 P. P.: Imperial rugby practices.
 Asp.: Women's Army Air Corps.
 1961: (to her children) Behave yourself or I'll tell your Daddy.
 Aphor.: "I haven't a clue."



AGNES VAN HOOGENHUIZE

F. F.: Good nature.
 Past.: Selling Pictures.
 P. P.: People who don't bring their money.
 Asp.: Nurse.
 1961: Still collecting money.
 Aphor.: "What size did you want 5x7 or 8x10?"



MARY WILLIAMSON

F. F.: That new watch.
 Past.: Babysitting (alone?)
 P. P.: Homework.
 Asp.: To get out of S.C.I. and get married.
 1961: Mrs. S.
 Aphor.: "Hey, old girl."



Definition of matrimony: you go to adore, you ring a belle, and give your name to a maid—and then your taken in.

* * *

Don: "I was born in Sarnia, you know."

Bob: "Funny things happen in London too."

* * *

Pat N.: "How did you find the weather while you were away?"

Jackie C.: "Just went outside and there it was."

* * *

Lady: "Have you nothing for grey hair?"

Druggist: "Nothing but the greatest respect."

Baby ear of corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama ear of corn: "Hush dear, the stalk brought you."

* * *

A divinity student named Fiddle,
 Refused to accept his degree;
 He didn't object to the Fiddle
 But he hated the Fiddle D.D.

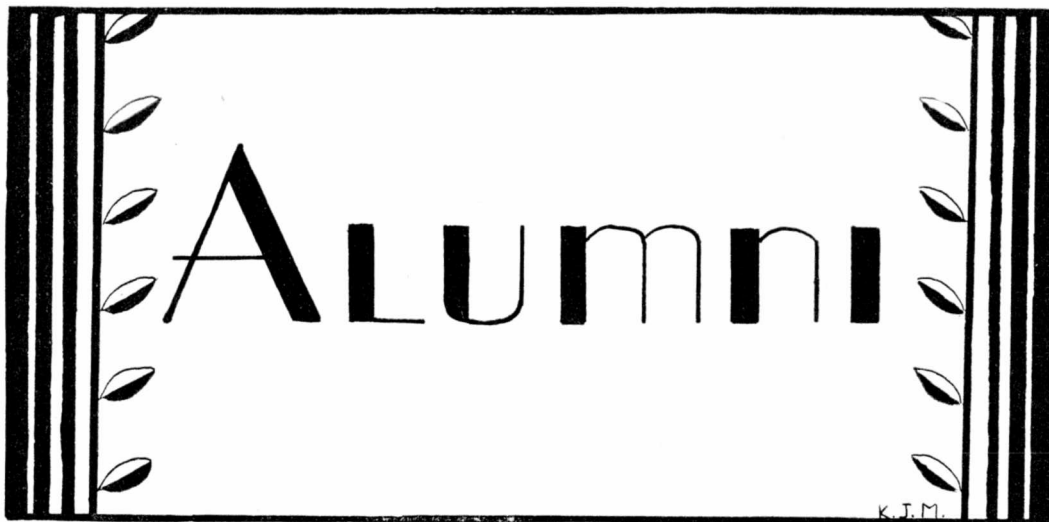
* * *

Mr. Watson: "When did Menes live?" (silence) "Open your book and find out. What does it say?"

Jim M.: "Menes 3400 B.C."

Mr. Watson: "Why didn't you say that before?"

Jim: "I thought that was his telephone number."



Abell, George—Normal School.
 Acton, Richard—Normal School.
 Adams, Brian—At home.
 Ambler, Mavis—Westervelt.
 Arkell, Judy—Ottawa Civic General Hospital.
 Armstrong, Margaret—Lambton Loan.
 Armstrong, Pauline—Carruther's Clinic.
 Armstrong, Robert—McPhillip's Furniture.
 Arundell, Willo—Polymer Corp.
 Auston, Betty—Sarnia General Hospital.
 Ayheart, Dean—C. N. R. Trade School.

Banks, Peter—University of Toronto.
 Bathe, Laurine—St. Joseph's Hospital.
 Bedard, Barbara—Fiberglas.
 Bernard, Janet—Lambton Credit.
 Brock, Barbara—Brescia Hall.
 Brough, Joan—Industrial Mortgage.
 Brough, John—Marnee Electric.
 Bruce, Shirley—Austin Construction.
 Brydges, Blanche—Wilkesport, Ontario.
 Burke, William—Houghton, Michigan.
 Burns, Robert—Dow Chemical.
 Butler, Jane—Loblaws.

Caldwell, Leone—Alma College.
 Callum, Helen—Dawson and Nethery.
 Campbell, Allison—University of Western Ontario.
 Campbell, Donald—Business College.
 Campbell, Dorothy—Belton Lumber.
 Carter, Leonard—Dow Chemical Co.
 Chate, Richard—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Claeys, Joan—Married.
 Cordey, Gwyn—A. & P. Stores.
 Cotton, Francis A.—Polymer Corp.

Daleman, Shirley—St. Clair News.
 Davis, Ian—C. N. R.
 Daymen, LaVerne—C. S. R.
 Dennis, Gordon—St. Clair Motors.
 Dennis, Robert—Dow Chemical Co.
 Dillon, Bernice—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Drachuk, Natie—Polymer Corp.
 Dunbar, Elaine—Canadian Observer.
 Duncan, Betty—Married.
 Durley, Anna—Normal School.
 Durley, Lois—Normal School.

Ellis, Frances—Hamilton.
 Eyre, Dorothy—Silverwood Dairies.
 Ferguson, Alan—University of Western Ontario.
 Fife, Joyce—Lambton Motors.
 Foreman, Douglas—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Froats, Ronald—Queen's University.

George, Norma—Married.
 Gibb, Joyce—Hamilton Hospital.
 Gilbert, Malcolm—University of Western Ontario.
 Gilbert, Robert—Port Huron Junior College.
 Gillespie, Beverley—Polymer Corp.
 Gillespie, Dawn—Normal School.
 Gilliland, Lloyd—Dow Chemical Co.
 Gillis, Dorothy—Zeller's.
 Glabb, Charles—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Gordon, Lyle—Polymer Corp.
 Grabovi, William—Muellers Limited.
 Graham, Eric—Stone & Webster.
 Grant, Beverley—Sarnia Bridge Co.
 Greenwood, Ann—Hamilton Library.
 Guthrie, Marilyn—Foster Insurance.

Harbour, Charles—Highfield Motors.
 Harkins, Harwood—McPhillip's Furniture.
 Hastings, Maxine—Fiberglas.
 Helson, Kenneth—University of Western Ontario.
 Horley, Jane—Sarnia Hydro.
 Huggett, Margaret—University of Western Ontario.

Ireland, Pearl—Alma College.

Jackson, June—Sarnia Observer.
 Jones, Gwyn—Business College.
 Jury, Ernest—Queen's University.

Keat, Charles—General Electric Co.
 Kelch, Howard—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Kelly, Donna—St. Joseph's Hospital.
 Kent, David—University of Western Ontario.
 Kerr, Celia—McPhillip's Furniture.
 Knight, Patricia—Normal School.

Laird, Wesley—Polymer Corp.
 Laplante, Ronald—Ottawa University.
 Leckie, William—Dow Chemical Co.
 Leckie, Harold—Dow Chemical Co.
 Lewis, Bill—Mathany-Hunter.
 Longworth, Connie—Dr. Griffith.

MacKinlay, Helen—University of Western Ontario.
 MacLachlan, Keitha—Victoria Hospital, London.
 McArthur, Josephine—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 McCann, Thomas—University of Toronto.
 McClung, Garth—MacMaster University.
 McCord, Frederick—C. N. R.
 McLean, Allan—Normal School.
 McLellan, Mary—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 McMahan, Barbara—Industrial Mortgage.
 McPhail, Marjorie—Victoria Hospital, London.
 Martel, James—University of Western Ontario.
 Mason, James—Farm.
 Maw, Betty Ann—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Maw, Leslie—Sexsmith Motors.
 Maxwell, Shirley—Kist Beverages.
 Mellon, John Paul—Canadian Comstock Co.
 Merrit, Charles—Sarnia Bridge Co.
 Mickleborough, Lelia—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Miller, Gerald—Brock, Davis, Dunn, Brodie.
 Minty, Bruce—Stonehouse & Son.
 Mundy, William—C. S. R.

Neal, Marion—Adam's Furniture.
 Noyle, James—Polymer Corp.

Owen, Marie—Bell Telephone Co.

Palmer, Joan—Polymer Corp.
 Park, Mary Lou—Normal School.
 Park, Robert—University of Western Ontario.
 Perry, Donald—Michigan State.
 Pettit, Claude—Comstock Co.
 Phillips, Alex—Comstock Co.
 Pontefract, Roderic—Queen's University.

Pratt, Barbara—C. N. R.
 Prall, Lily—Married.
 Priebe, Victor—University of Western Ontario.
 Prouse, John—Farm.

Rankin, Berton Ross—Comstock Co.
 Reed, Barbara—Normal School.
 Rhind, Thomas—Queen's University.
 Richardson, Dorothy—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Riley, Betty—Loblaws.
 Riley, Jim—Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Robbins, Gwen—Married.
 Rodd, Bernice—Niagara Loan.
 Ross, Douglas—Queen's University.

Schweitzer, Ted—Dow Chemical Co.
 Sharpe, Jean—Ottawa Civic Hospital.
 Shaunessy, Noreen—Port Huron Hospital.
 Short, Helen—Victoria Hospital London.
 Smith, Crosby—C. N. R.
 Smola, George—Polymer Corp.
 Stevenson, Gordon—Dow Chemical.
 Strangway, Shirley—Bell Telephone.
 Stranway, Walter—A. & P. Stores.
 Street, Margaret—C. S. R.
 Swartz, Evelyn—University of Toronto.
 Syer, Helen—Sarnia General Hospital.

Teater, Bill—Polymer Corp.
 Tesoriere, Bernard—Polymer Corp.
 Tranter, John—Polymer Corp.
 Treleaven, Marilyn—S. C. I. Office.
 Tuttle, Robert—Royal Bank of Canada.

VanAlstyne, Marilyn—Sarnia General Hospital.
 VanHoogenheize, Wm.—Western University.
 Virostek, Cyril—St. Clair Motors.
 Vollmar, Gloria—London.

Waldeck, Edith—Curran & Herridge.
 Ward, Diane—Taylor, Jamieson, Knox, Mallon
 Walton, Loreen—St. Catherines. and Fowler.
 Wardell, Marie—Hamilton General Hospital.
 Webster, Verna—Walker Stores.
 Welsh, Robert—Polymer Corp.
 Whitton, Barbara—Dr. Forbes.
 Wiles, Doreen—W. L. Smith & Co.
 Wilson, Alan—University of Toronto.
 Wray, Caroline—Bank of Toronto.
 Wright, Norman—Dow Chemical.

Young, Emmalene—Married.

Zinc, William—Imperial Oil Ltd.

Destination Unknown:

Hackney, Robert.	Thomas, Jack.
Smith, Ross.	Tithecott, Lloyd.
Taylor, William.	

SCHOLARSHIPS

On this page the names of those pupils who received the scholarships, bursaries, and other awards for the school year of 1949-1950 are inscribed for all to see. Perhaps the greatest achievement of any student is to have his name appear on this page.

Although this year the awards were not as numerous as we would have liked them to be, nevertheless everyone mentioned below, has brought honour to this school and inspiration to the students.

* * *

The second Carter Scholarship, value \$60.00, was won by Thomas J. McCann who is now attending the University of Toronto.

Eunice M. Burr was awarded the D. M. Grant Scholarship for superior standing in grades 11 and 12.

In the Technical Department, Cyril A. Virostik won the Sarnia Bridge Company Scholarship, and Gordon L. Dennis was awarded the Canadian Institute of Steel Construction Scholarship.

Anna and Lois Durley, who are now attending London Normal received the Sarnia University Women's Club Bursary.

The So-Ed Bursary, given by the So-Ed Club of this school, was awarded to Willa M. Hillis.

Three I. O. D. E. Bursaries were given this year. The Municipal Chapter presented one to Peter Banks. Maxine M. Fraser received another from the Honorable W. J. Hanna Chapter, and Robert J. Rose received still another from the Honorable Norman Rogers Chapter.

Peter Banks won the R. K. Stratford Prize for the Upper School student with the highest standing in Chemistry, awarded by the Sarnia Branch of the Chemical Institute of Canada. This prize was in the form of books.

The E. B. Lusby Prize for the student in the Industrial Chemistry Course in the Technical School, awarded by the Sarnia Branch of the Chemical Institute of Canada, was won by Leonard J. Carter.

Thomas J. McCann received the Engineering Prize for the highest Upper School standing of a student in this school entering Engineering. This is awarded by the Sarnia Branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada.

An award of \$50.00 is presented by the Students' Council to the All-Round Girl and the All-Round Boy of the S.C.I. & T.S. The Student Body vote on the girl and boy to receive this award. Last year the award was won by Dorothy Richardson and William McGeachy.



She was so knock kneed, that when she was walking
I heard one knee say to the other; "I let you pass
last time, now give me a chance."

* * *

Jane W.: "What does the bride think when she walks
down the aisle?"

Mary P.: "Aisle, alter, hymn."

Bill: "Well, what do you think of our little city?"

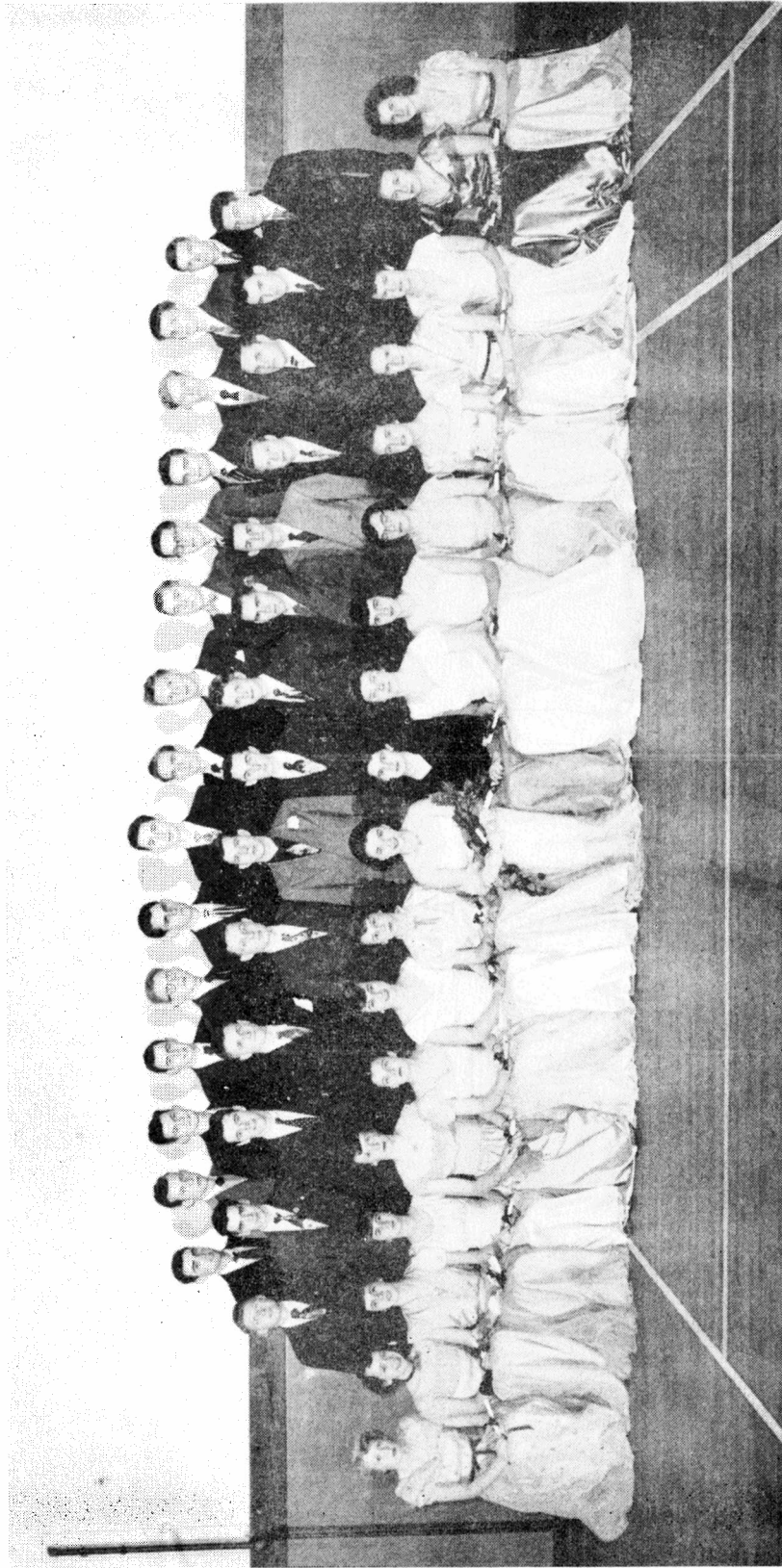
Outsider: "I'll be frank with you. It's the first
cemetery I ever saw with lights!"

* * *

Isobel: "I see in the paper that a guy ate six dozen
pancakes."

Sally: "Oh, how waffle."

GRADUATES 1949 - 50

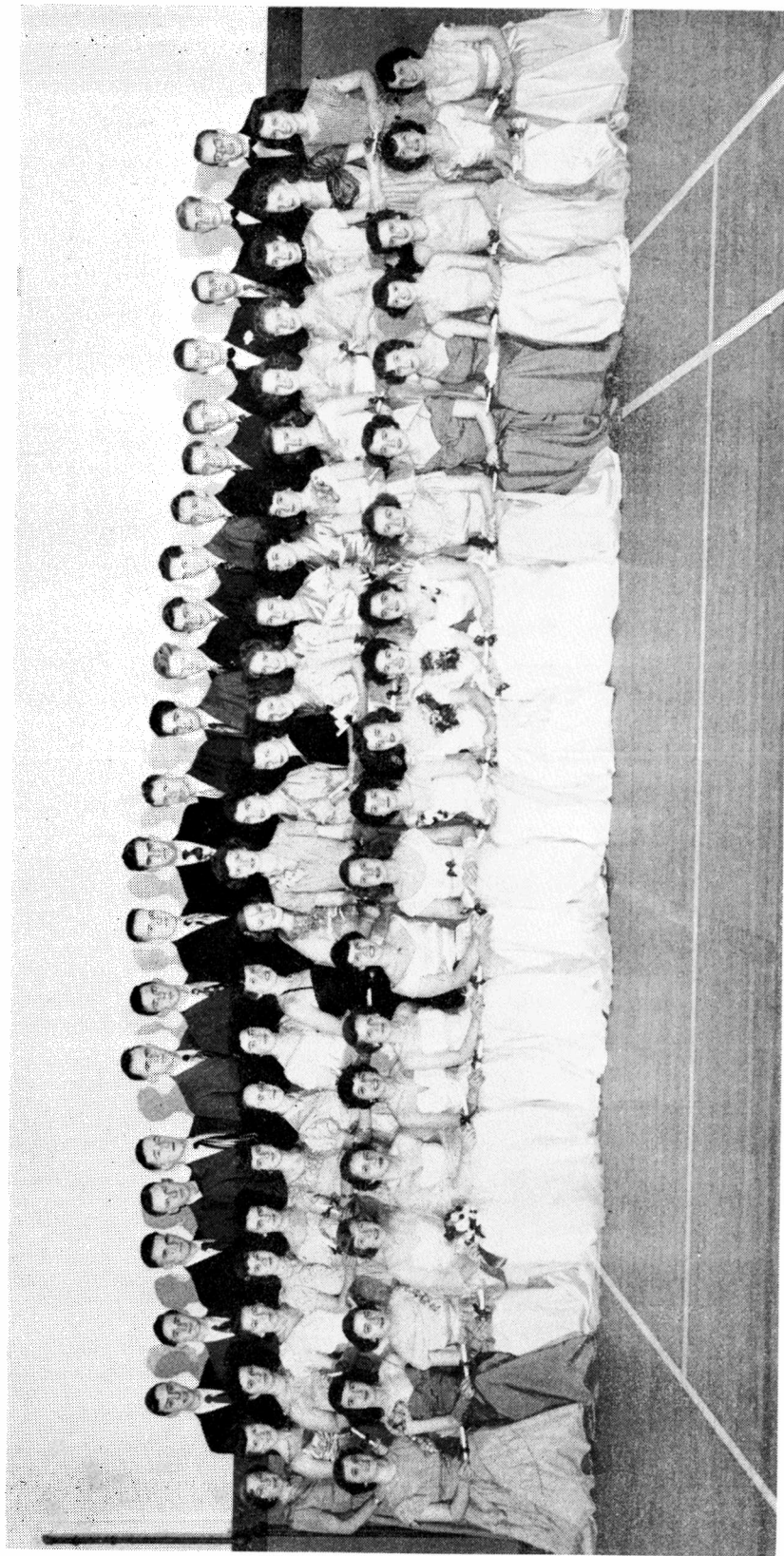


FIRST ROW (left to right)—B. Walker; J. Bond; P. Moore; N. Houghton; M. Jones; M. Stewart; J. Christon; P. Noble; D. Britt; D. Dailey; M. Richardson; A. Dobroski; J. Lethbridge; C. Young; E. Hamilton; D. Field; E. Burr; E. Gander.

SECOND ROW (left to right)—L. Maw; R. Armstrong; B. Smith; B. Chilton; J. Cross; L. Carter; G. Dennis; Wm. Wadland; B. Tesoriers; C. Harbour; V. Dayman; D. Foreman; J. Tranter; C. Virostek.

THIRD ROW (left to right)—R. Burns; N. Smith; J. Hamilton; C. Merritt; J. Campbell; B. Gilbert; J. Anderson; L. Mason; D. Lunney; D. Kirton; A. McCord; Wm. Leckie; L. Gilliland; R. Charlton; J. Prouse.

GRADUATES 1949 - 50



FIRST ROW (left to right)—D. Kelley; M. Owen; J. Bernard; H. Callum; M. Guthrie; J. Brough; B. McMahon; D. Gillespie; H. MacKinley; E. Waldeck; L. Bathe; S. Maxwell; T. McArthur; M. Treleaven; D. Campbell; E. Swartz; M. Armstrong; J. Palmer; B. Whitten; P. Armstrong.

SECOND ROW (left to right)—M. Ambler J. Sharp; N. Drachuk; B. Rodd; S. Dalman; M. Huggett; M. McPhail; K. MacLachlan; M. Fraser; B. Maw; D. Ward; F. Ellis; M. Park; A. Durley; L. Durley; L. Mickleborough; M. McLellan; B. Dillon; S. Strangway; D. Eyre; C. Kerr; B. Grant; C. Wray; J. Horley.

THIRD ROW (left to right)—K. Helson; J. Miller; D. Perry; D. Kent; M. Gilbert; A. Campbell; Wm. van Hoogenhuize; A. Ferguson; L. Tithecott; T. McCann; A. McLean; Wm. McGeachy; R. Park; R. Tuttle; B. Welch; J. Thomas; R. Froats; B. Minty; V. Priebe; P. Banks; Wm. Lewis.



ASSEMBLY SPEAKERS

Speakers are always a welcome addition to our assemblies, and this year we have had exceptionally well-informed men and women come to us to discuss various topics of immediate interest. The first of these men was Mr. Herbert Mowat, who, among other offices, is a member of the National Executive of the United Nations Assembly at Lake Success, New York. He shared with us some of his knowledge of this "infant organization", which is working toward the goal of world order based on international co-operation. Mr. Mowat has worked on several committees with delegates from all over the world. He explained that if the U. N. could only get through that impenetrable Iron Curtain, their work in bringing about peace for all time would be greatly speeded up. Mr. Mowat's speech was in accordance with U. N. Week which saw the United Nations Council launch on its fifth year. The hopes of the nation are with such men as our speaker in their great task.

* * *

A topic of current interest was brought before the student body by three members of the Sarnia Chamber of Commerce—Mr. Rowzee, the president, who spoke on their behalf; Mr. Ray Keelan, and Mr. H. J. Burley. Mr. Rowzee reviewed the council-manager form of civic administration which was passed in the December elections. In accepting this type of plan, the people of Sarnia have shown that they realize Sarnia

is steadily growing and will need a more modern, efficient, and democratic form of government to meet with the increasing problems of a rapidly growing centre.

* * *

Mr. J. H. Mackey, an ex-professor at the University of Saskatchewan, spoke to us on our great opportunities in a school such as ours, in a country such as ours. He stressed the fact that we must work to accomplish great things and without work we can do nothing worthwhile, which is quite true and well worth thinking about.

* * *

Rev. D. Seaton of Paterson Memorial Church gave the memorial address in the special assembly held on Nov. 11 in memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice in two World Wars. Mr. Seaton spoke on the theme "What Are You Living For?", which was long to be remembered by those who heard him.

* * *

An interesting picture of the life of a missionary in the lumber camps of Canada was given by Mr. MacLennan. He told tales of converting the whiskey-runners in the Kentucky mountains and preaching to lumbermen in neglected areas.

* * *

Although he met with a sea of new faces in his returning to the platform of S. C. I., Mr. F. C. Asbury was given a warm welcome when he arrived at the school with

secondary school inspectors from the Guidance Department in Toronto. Mr. Asbury was on the staff of S. C. I. from its founding in 1922, and was appointed principal in 1925, a post which he held until 1945. At this time he joined the staff of school inspectors in Toronto. Speaking in assembly was no new experience for Mr. Asbury, and we are looking forward to seeing him again next year.

* * *

And then, in remembering our speakers for the year, we recall that not all those who addressed the student body were from outside our school. With the approach of the football season, our sadly lagging school spirit needed reviving, and the task of doing it fell to Don Lunney of 13B. His little speech concerning what we have to be proud of in our school and why we should be proud of it was well done and quite effective. There was a noticeable increase in attendance at the following football games, and our school band prepared some rousing selections with which to lead the cheering. It would seem that Don has set the necessary spark in the effort to increase the school spirit in S. C. I., and now it is up to the student body to keep the fire burning brightly.



COMMUNITY CONCERTS

The opening Community Concert presentation brought to our stage Nadine Connor, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera and concert stage. A daughter of an early Californian family, Miss Connor was born in Los Angeles and is a graduate of the U. of Southern California. Although her musical training did not begin in earnest until her high school years, she did not have a day in her life that singing did not play an important part. In their family of six, there was always singing. Every member of the family was musical, and so, brought up in such a background, Nadine Connor feels that since she has never known what it was like not to sing, her voice was cultivated,

and not trained for singing. Miss Connor in real life is a doctor's wife with two children. Her work, which includes movies television and radio, along with many months spent rehearsing with the opera, keeps her very busy, and she spends most of her time travelling. Under the direction of Walter Bruno, she was soprano soloist in the performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for three consecutive years. Her most prized possession is a cameo handed down for four generations which she wears or has on her person at all times during public performances.

* * *

In January, Donald Dame, a young American lyric tenor who has been outstandingly popular as a star of opera, radio and the concert stage came to fill an engagement at Sarnia. Besides a record number of appearances at the Metropolitan Opera, he was featured every Sunday evening over NBC's "American Album of Familiar Music"; has more than a thousand broadcasts on four major networks to his credit; and is a popular recording favourite for Victor Albums. A scholarship student of Western Reserve University and later of Juillard, he has been tenor soloist with the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia and Baltimore symphonies. Just last spring, Mr. Dame visited Europe on a concert tour. While in Holland the young singer proved so popular, that he was asked to appear at an anniversary service held every May fourth in honour of the fallen allied dead. As a result of this visit, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands has invited him to return to Holland again this year. Donald Dame gave up his four year association with the "Album" to go onto the concert stage. Although he received his fame and experience through the airways, he much prefers to sing to an audience he can see. In this way also, he can display his great talent for comedy acting which delighted his audience here. After his performance, he gave our own Carol VanAlstyne an opportunity to sing for him. Carol sang clearly and sweetly and made those of us who heard her very proud.

Virginia Morley and Livingstone Gearhart brought their combined talents to our stage early in February. They are one of the eminent piano duos of to-day. When they met in France, where they began their "artistic collaboration" they were both scholarship students at the Fontainebleau Conservatory. After their brilliantly successful debut in Paris, they began to travel, making annual tours of the United States and Canada. In New York they have appeared at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall. A regular feature of the Fred Waring show in New York since 1943, Mr. Gearhart has written many of the unusual arrangements including the very well known "Dry Bones". Besides tours and radio work, their work brought them performances on one of the largest T.V. shows with Fred Waring at Christmas. Morley and Gearhart began their Community Concert Appearances in 1944 and this Sarnia show was the first Canadian appearance since that time. While on tour they drive their own car, accompanied by a piano manager who supervises the moving of the two Steinway Concert Grand pianos; the largest pianos obtainable; and drives the trailer on which they are kept. Mr. Gearhart, born in Buffalo N.Y. studied first with his mother and later at Curtis Institute. Miss Morley, Mrs. Gearhart in

private life, is a native of California and a graduate of Mills College. They were married in France and now have a five year old son, Paul, whom they see between performances. Both artists are pupils of Robert Casadesus and Nadia Boulanger.

* * *

The concert choir of the famous Columbus Ohio Boychoir School has captivated the hearts of audiences throughout the Eastern and Mid-Western States, and their Sarnia appearance was no exception. The choir is composed of enthusiastic boys up to 13 years of age, whose voices have not changed. The 26 young singers gave a delightful presentation of everything from the music of Palestrina to that of Gershwin; from Tyrolean folk songs to Negro spirituals. On each tour, a chance is offered to the boys of the community to audition for this famed choir, and Sarnia was fortunate to have two of her young citizens chosen to join the group in the person of Lester Laird and Stewart Britton. These two lads will tour with the choir during their schedule and while not on tour they will continue with their studies at the Columbus School. Director Huffman's skillful blending of the school's best voices has created an outstanding ensemble.



Mr. Little: (Putting his head in fifth form class):
"Wadland, take that gum out of your mouth.
You're disturbing the class downstairs."

* * *

Miss Heasman: "Combien de fautes avez-vous faites
dans ce devoir?" (un moment de silence) "Sans
fautes?"

Lorne S.: "Oui, cent fautes."

* * *

Moe: "What have you got there?"

Joe: "Some insect powder."

Moe: "You aren't going to commit suicide are you?"

* * *

Miss Martin: "What is an angle?"

Bright student: "A semi-circle with cramps."

Georgie Porgie pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
But entre nous, that legend of yore
Only tells half; they cried for more.

* * *

Bob: "Are you looking for me, old man?"

Ron: "I don't even know your old man."

* * *

Jack: "Say, will you loan me a nickel? I want to
call a friend."

Dave: "Here's fifteen cents. Call all your friends."

* * *

Woman's nothing but a rag, a bone, and a hank of
hair.

Man is nothing but a brag, a groan, and a tank of air.

ART EXHIBITION

More than 160 canvasses, including several from the Sarnia Sketch Club, were given their formal showing in the 4th Annual Art Exhibit of paintings from Ontario and Western Ontario Artists Association. The speaker for the evening was Czechoslovakian-born, M. F. Kousal, a prominent Canadian artist from Bridgeport. In his address to junior and senior assemblies, Mr. Kousal stated quite emphatically that "only nature is perfect and it is the work of

of our Canadian scenery in more than 4500 paintings. An artist today, he pointed out, must specialize in one form of art or another. During his address it was obvious Mr. Kousal preferred nature painting. Among his favourite works are many of Tom Thompsons paintings of Canadian scenery.

Canada, he believes, is the most beautiful country in the world and offers the



the artist to imitate this beauty as perfectly as he can." With these beliefs he finds it impossible to understand so-called "modern art" which he termed "barbaristic." Born in the Province of Moravia 50 years ago, Mr. Kousal came to Canada in 1926. He has spent the following years travelling from coast to coast putting such beauties of Canada and Algonquin Park and the Maritimes on canvas. In the short period of 25 years he has captured the beauty

artist all types of nature to portray on his canvass. "Canadians take too much for granted. They are in heaven and do not appreciate it. They have never lost those precious freedom which in Europe are only dreams." Mr. Kousal, who began the study of art at the age of 6 years recommended the practice of nature painting to the youth as an aid to the development of a love of beauty. "A man who truly loves nature or beautiful music cannot be bad."

SCHOOL CELEBRITIES

RON COX

Joining the magazine staff as assistant editor of photography was Ron Cox who came to us from Riverside High near Windsor. Ron was president of the Camera Club, and Photography Editor of his school magazine last year. He has found that the students here are much more casual in their dress and manners than they were in his last school, and where there was more co-operation between staff and students. Maybe this is something we ought to take to heart and try to remedy. The main difference in the scholastic side of the two schools is a 10 period day, assemblies every two weeks, many more extra-curricular clubs, and no final examinations. The latter difference will probably find favour with a great number of SCI students.

* * *

TIM REIMAN

Tim Reiman brought with him a touch of the sunny south when he joined the student body of SCI this year. Tim was a grad of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, before coming to Sarnia. There he was on the magazine staff and also held the State Championship for the 100 yd. Freestyle on the swimming team. Since he joined the SCI team he has broken both the 100 and 200 yd. record for Freestyle swimming. It seems that in every case the main difference between our school and others is the freedom enjoyed by the students in school functions. The assemblies in Tim's last school were all student-run and there were many more school clubs. The big dances of the year were strictly formal, and a queen was crowned for each special occasion. Their graduation was a long-to-be-remembered affair with cap and gowns being worn for the actual graduation exercises. Every grad was required to have a school ring with the Flying L insignia on it. As the principal said "I now pronounce you graduates", the students toss the tassel of the caps from left to right and turn their rings so that the

arrow faces out. All this sounds like quite an impressive service. Tim spent Christmas this year in Florida. It's hard to picture anyone swimming on Christmas Day and getting a sunburn from the 82° temperature, but that's what he did. His Florida tan was the envy of the school when he returned. Although our school does not have the extra-curricular activities that his school had, Tim agreed that our scholastic qualities are higher than those in Florida. He feels that the students of S.C.I. should well be proud of their fine school with its well-equipped classrooms.

* * *

MRS. LUKK

Mrs. Lukk, who has spent the greater part of her life in Vienna, is taking Grade 13 subjects with us this year at S.C.I. from which she plans to go to University and a career in the medical field. The task she has set for herself is not an easy one, as Mrs. Lukk has two small children. Her interests are not entirely limited to scholastic studies, however, and Mrs. Lukk has spent some of her leisure time skiing in the Collingwood hills. She is also a tennis enthusiast, having attended the Galt tournament last year. She is certainly to be congratulated on her determination and courage and we wish her every success in this endeavour.

— ♦ —

Innocent freshette (watching pole vault on field day):

"Just think how much farther he could go if he didn't have to carry that stick."

* * *

Bill: Have a cigarette?"

Tom: "No thanks. Swore off smoking."

Bill: "Well put it in your pocket for tomorrow."

* * *

Mr. Treitz: "Now I want you to put these on the wall where you do your homework."

George L.: "Sir, I generally do mine on a desk."



The exchange editor received a paltry eleven magazines and one newspaper for the twenty-seven Ad Astras sent out. There were rumors that if the situation grew any worse old Ad Astras would be reviewed. Orchids to those schools who sent us their year-books, and we hope that the fifteen that didn't come will arrive in time for next year's exchange. All magazines received will be put in the school library's magazine rack for students to look through.

Exchanges: (in order of the stack on the editor's desk.)

Fort William C.I. "Oracle":

A magazine complete to the last first-former's picture. We liked the inclusion of school yells on the title page, but thought that the photography could be improved.

* * *

Harbord C.I. "Harbord Review":

A deluxe magazine from Toronto. Sigh, sigh, drool! A beautiful five-color cover. Altogether a very professional magazine and the "Robe and Veil" (humour section) was beyond price. Headlines: "Mass Hysteria Sweeps H.C.I. Robe 'n' Veil hits Toronto Newstands - Toronto Newstands hit back." You'll be seeing some more of their jokes in the Ad Astra.

Etobicoke C.I., "The Etobian":

Another Toronto magazine with good art work and photography. Pictures of the lower forms again. We liked the "Interview with Susan Peters" and the cover page for the literary section, a photography college.

* * *

"The Kencoll", Kennedy C.I. Windsor:

Another magazine with a sensational cover. Very neatly laid out, but we wished that all the pictures had the peoples' names under them. Oh yes; we all liked the girls' basketball uniforms.

* * *

West Hill High School, Montreal, "West Hill Annual":

Here we come to the deluxe annual with double cover and beautiful photography. The literary section was good and the art work excellent. Altogether terrific.

Peterborough C.V.S., "Echoes":

Another excellent magazine with an index, a very good literary section prefaced by none other than Robertson Davies, a wonderfully long humour section, and good art work. **Terrific** aussi.

George Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland, "The Watsonian":

This is a monthly magazine put out by the college. It is on an entirely different level from our less serious Canadian magazines. The list of "Distinguished pupils" was as long as our Alumni section. And if you think they are all brains over there, they have something else too. The first comment on the cricket team: "Ruffffff!"

* * *

Walkerville C.I., "The Blue and White":

The school with our school colours puts out a good magazine with lots of photography, and an art section. Their cadets wear kilts, and we liked their cadet section very much. No exchange section?

* * *

Central High School of Commerce, Toronto, "The Torpedo":

A very good magazine, though the humour was lacking. The bright green cover was cheerful and quite professional. It seemed a little heavy on form news. Why did you put the poem "Rain" under the picture of the swimming team?

* * *

St. Catharines C.I. & V.S., "Vox Collegiensis":

The Vox's bright yellow cover led us into an excellent book (gee, I'm running out of adjectives). We thought that the form news might be put at the back to make the magazine more compact, but then every magazine staff has its own ideas. More pictures might have helped.

* * *

Paterson C.I., Windsor, "The Patrician":

A rangy magazine with a good grad section and athletic pictures. The foreign language section was next to the jokes. We found the latter more interesting than the Latin proverbs.

We have made a few decisions by comparing magazines, so that we can give credit where credit is due to all hard working staffs who produced the following "bests".

Best Cover: Harbord Review, Kencoll, Torpedo.

Best Literary Section: Echoes, West Hill Annual, Harbord Review.

Best Jokes: Harbord Review, Echoes, Patrician.

Best Sports Coverage: Blue and White, Kencoll, West Hill Annual.

Best Photography: West Hill Annual, Blue and White, Echoes.

Best All Round: West Hill Annual, Harbord Review, Echoes.

* * *

As you can see we have not classed the "Watsonian" with these because we felt that it was too different to be compared with our Canadian magazines.

The "Scott Recorder" we received from Scott Collegiate in Regina is a wonderful school paper packed with news, jokes, and gossip. We raise our hats to it.

— ◆ —

Mr. Watson: "Now Marian, are you learning something?"

Marian P: "No, sir, I'm listening to you."

* * *

George L. Evans: "Dancing is in my blood you know."

Marian Passmore: "Well, you must have poor circulation, as it hasn't reached your feet yet"

* * *

"Oh you cruel girl!" exclaimed the old lady. "How could you cut that poor little worm in two?"

Jane Weir met her gaze without flinching. "It seemed so lonely", she replied.



"LIFE'S LUCRATIVE LANE.....AHEAD."

*DOUGLAS
PAISLEY
SARNIA*



SCANDAL SHEET



Alas and a lack! A lack of scandal, that is! And furthermore we must say it is a lack of printable scandal.

Recently we heard for the first time of a "Progressive Dinner". It seems that ten prominent senior students participated in this festive event which includes different phases of enjoyment at five different homes. At the first an appetizer was served. The scene then changed to another for the dinner itself, after which dessert was served at a third house. Then dancing at still another and we still wonder, although not too hard, about what happened at the fifth abode.

Throughout the year, many animals are seen wandering about the echoing halls of our majestic establishment of learning but they are usually limited to dogs or cats. However, we were asked to inquire if a girl in Special Commercial has noticed any mountain lions around the school. I wonder?

Have you heard of the newest club being formed around the school? If you are a member of the fairer sex chances are you haven't heard of the "Philanderer Club". But maybe you have had experience with some of its members, for the membership is increasing at an alarming rate. Entry fee is paid to? Oh, well. For this advertising we should be given a free membership and maybe more for producing this "expose."

In direct relation with this last subject we report that it has been drawn to our attention that the female members of the student body have composed a list of the "males they fear most." But there are conflicts of opinions concerning who tops the list. What a price - - fame!

At this point we shall make some predictions which will no longer be news when you read this. These refer to the annual election of the all-round girl and boy. There are conflicting opinions of the most-deserving person to receive the all-round girl award. However, we think it will be one

of Sally McCrae, Isobel Rutherford or Alicia Dobroski. Bob Smith with his football and curling prowess and presidency of the Students' Council coupled with good scholastic standing, seems to be the logical choice for the all-round boy award.

Have you ever wondered what will happen in 2000 A.D.? If you have and your interest is still alive, contact Doug Kirton of Special Commercial who has the news in short. That's right, Doug purchased a pair of shorts in Chicago with all the news of 2000 A.D. printed upon them.

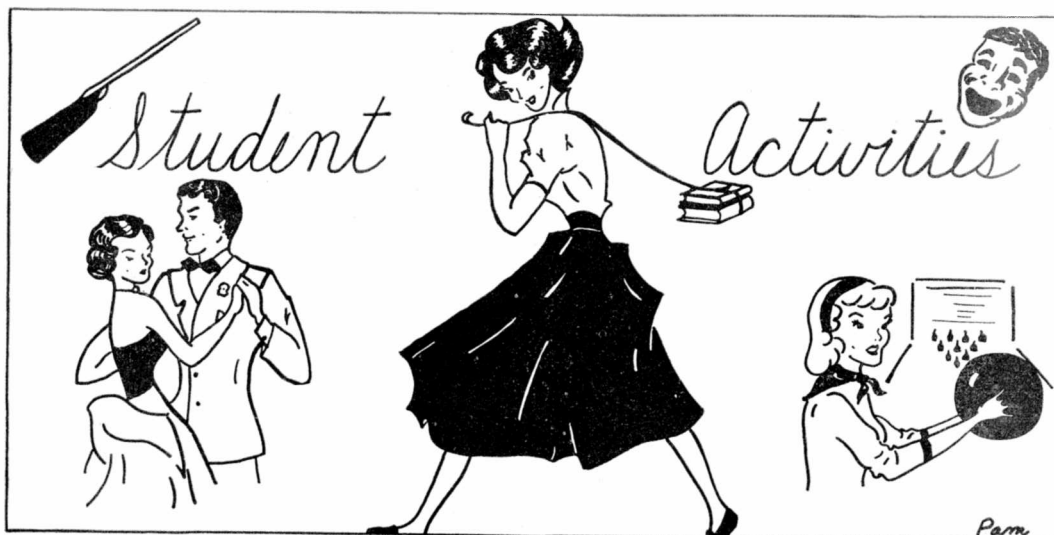
Early in the term, a dinner was held for the Grade Twelve German Students. Along with the food, which I understand included some German dishes, there was a guest speaker, Dr. John Mulyk, who spoke in his native tongue to his interested but baffled audience. Hiss Heasman translated his speech in class the next day.

Many eager songsters gained valuable experience when the mixed chorus journeyed to Port Huron to sing in a mass group with choirs from many Michigan centres. Everyone enjoyed this especially since they found it necessary to miss one-half day of school. However they were all forced to work hard to make up lost time which minimized some of the happiness which was evident.

Of the many dances held during the school year the formals were most impressive. These were topped by the annual At Home which took place around Christmas time and drew many gay, colourful groups to dance to the sweetest music this side of Kenwick Terrace, that's produced by Jack Kennedy. The Cadet Dance is still in the offing and should prove highly successful and entertaining.

On Monday, April 23, the senior girls were soundly trounced by a smooth working Forest aggregation. The Forest girls exhibited wonderful **form** throughout the game. This **form** pertains only partially to Basketball. Any others who saw the game will heartily agree with me.

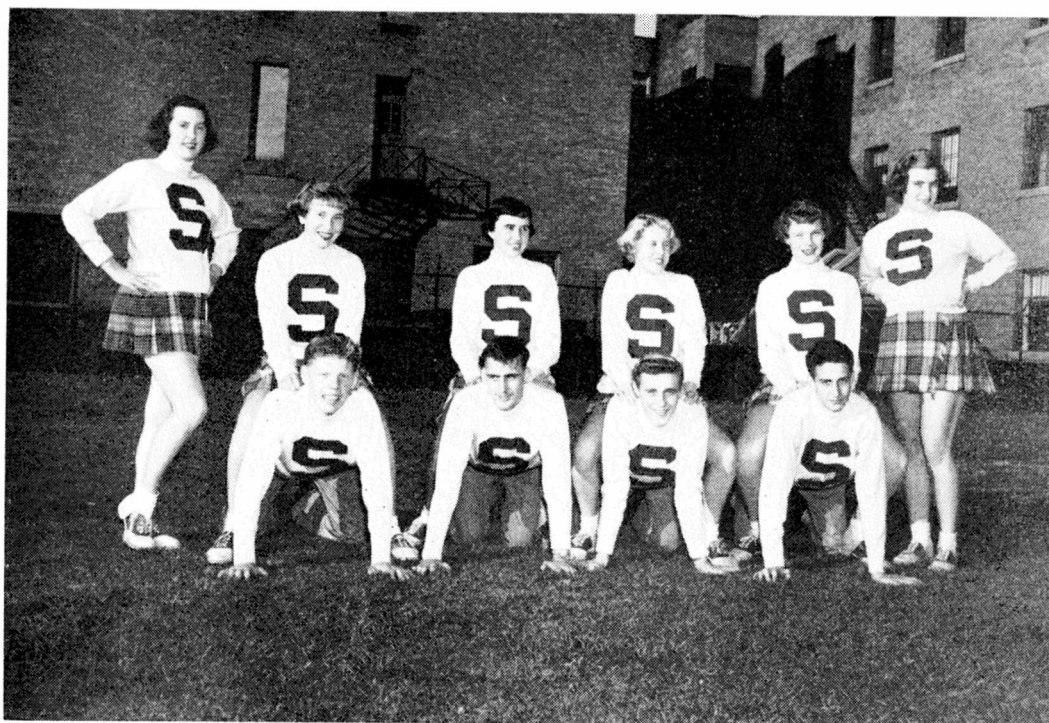
On this pleasant note we deem it advisable to close this year's Scandal with the reminder that wherever you look you will always find some interesting gossip which may be passed on readily. And so "Adieu nos amis."



SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is a feeling which a person has towards his school—not just for the building, but for the student body, the faculty, and all people and activities connected with the school. It is that breath-

less tenseness that hovers over the ball field during the final inning of a game, and the school yells that split the eardrums when our team comes up on the long end of the scoring card. It's the cheer leaders



CHEERLEADERS

First Row (left to right)—Peter Henderson; Bob Doyon; Ray Worsley; Rigby Callander.

Second Row (left to right)—Marilyn Jones; Carla Mellon; Jean Underhay; Mary Powell; Carol Van Alstyne; Jane Phippen.

and school band at the rugby game, and at field day. It's in the students' council, and the sing song in assembly. It is the air of expectancy which fills the building and crowds out through the open windows and doors so that even passers-by can feel it; expectancy of something just out of reach today — but if we study hard we may reach it tomorrow. It is in the smile of one student for another, and in the privilege of talking to our teachers as individuals, not as automatic machines of knowledge. The teams and Literary and Social Education

Societies, faculty and classes are the strings. The bow is controlled by the teachers and students. While we work together cheering our teams, studying hard, treating each other with friendliness and respect, the bow draws back and forth across the strings in steady rhythm — bringing forth a throbbing pulsating music which we cannot hear but which we can feel right from the tips of our toes to the roots of our hair. That intangible something, that we can only feel, and that we find so vital, is SCHOOL SPIRIT.

FLORENCE CLARKE, 11-B

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Early in the year Students' Council held elections for offices. Bob Smith was the popular candidate who became President, with George Vincent as Vice-President. Other officers were appointed and the year's activities began.

The Students' Council held their meetings each Monday after school and sponsored many events. The At-Home, the Com-te-colls, the selling of Christmas cards, the bus for the Chatham football game; all these were Students' Council projects.

This year the Students' Council established three scholastic awards for grade nine. They consist of a cash award to each student obtaining the highest standing in the three different departments of the school.

During January the Students' Council held a benefit dance for the young boy who broke his leg while playing inter-form football. The cheque that the boy received from this was greatly appreciated.

These are a few of the many activities that were discussed at each Monday night's meeting. Many forms have made it a practice to set aside ten or fifteen minutes a week from one of their classes to enable their representative to give a report on the weekly Students' Council meeting. This is a very good idea and should prove successful. Since the Students' Council dominates school activities, all students should hear of their work each week. Any new ideas of improvements can then be voiced to the form representative for discussion at Students' Council meetings.

Students' Council Executives for the year were:

President	-	-	-	-	-	Bob Smith
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	George Vincent
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	Doris Goodacre
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Virginia McKellar
Attendance	-	-	-	-	-	Marjory Riddle
Com-te-coll	-	-	-	-	-	Don Fowlie
Christmas Cards	-	-	-	-	-	Barbara Britt
At Home	-	-	-	-	-	Charteris Reece

The height of a girl's ambition is often between Five-ten, and six feet two.

* * *

Conductor on a bus: "Fare please."

Miss Heasman: "Faire, faisant, fait, fais, fit."

A mugwump is a kind of a bird that sits on a fence with its mug on one side and its wump on the other.

* * *

King Alfred conquered the Dames.



STUDENT'S COUNCIL

Front Row (left to right)—M. MacIntyre; J. Phippen; P. Fotheringham; B. Britt; D. Goodacre; G. McVeigh; C. Hasson.

Second Row (left to right)—V. McKellar; E. Burr; B. Soper; M. Riddell; C. Smith; D. McPhedran.

Third Row (left to right)—C. Sommerville; D. Fowlie; Wm. Wadland; J. McGibbon; B. Smith; B. Chilton; George Vincent.

Fourth Row (left to right)—J. Nettleton; C. Reece; D. Crow.

HI-Y

Editor of Student Activities,
Ad Astra Annual.

Dear Barbara:

Where do you suppose the only Co-Ed Hi-Y in Canada is? Why, right here in Sarnia!

This club, founded with the purpose of helping the community, consists of twelve girls and thirteen boys. There are also two staff advisors, Bob Rankin and "isamentor", Miss Lovatt.

Because this year's club is a "guinea pig" to see if boys and girls can work to-

gether, in the same organization, without social purposes, the members are kept very busy. That is one of the lesser reasons for our numerous projects at which we have, so far, been successful. At Christmas we repaired old toys for underprivileged children, and now we hope to raise one hundred dollars for World Service.

Truly our club has upheld its purpose—to maintain and extend throughout the community, high standards of Christian character.

SHIRLEY THIBODEAU, Sec'y.



HI-Y CLUB

First Row (left to right)—J. Foreman; S. Thibodeau; P. Noble (president); J. Ambler; D. Jones.

Second Row (left to right)—J. Lambert; J. Milliken; L. Montgomery; B. Marcy; B. Bentley; M. Richardson; S. Fair; B. Lucas; D. Dailey; M. Howlett; D. Graham; Miss Lovett.

Third Row (left to right)—H. Taylor; D. Wilson; D. Strachan; J. Chivers; T. Stover; J. Haslip; A. Mathews.

Missing—J. Campbell; B. Knowles; B. Bullock; M. Foster; B. Scott; B. Farrar; D. Lee; Mr. Rankin.

MAGAZINE WEEK

A highlight of the year for both the staff of the Ad Astra Annual and the student body was "Magazine Week", January eighth to twelfth.

Initiated to promote magazine sales, the week was successful. We were all interested in watching the mercury on our wooden thermometer rise as magazines were sold. During the one week five hundred magazines were sold. We even put on a lovely (? ? ?) hill-billy song during senior assembly. Oh well, it didn't hurt the sales, and there was a large crowd at our magazine dance which was held to end the week.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The I.S.C.F. is a Canada-wide fellowship of Christian high school students who are endeavouring "to know Christ and to make Him known."

This year the I.S.C.F. club has engaged in many and varied activities. The I.S.C.F. year opened last September with a Dagwood Special. Miss Woodside, a new teacher at S.C.I. & T.S., was the guest speaker. A Hallowe'en social was held in October, while during the latter part of the Christmas holidays an old fashioned taffy-pull was enjoyed by the group.

Both the boys and girls have combined once a month to hear guest speakers pre-

sent the challenge of Christ in missions. In December, Mr. K. McLennan presented the spiritual needs of lumberjacks in Canada's vast northland through beautiful colored pictures, while the international aspect of I.S.C.F. was evidenced as Mr. Fred Metzgar of the Hungarian Gospel Mission reported at the January meeting, the startling events taking place, "Behind the Iron Curtain."

One of the highlights of the year was a conference held in Windsor from April 27 to 29, which some of our members were able to attend.

Over 200 clubs across the Dominion accomplish their purpose of leading students to a personal faith in Christ as Saviour and in strengthening the spiritual life of its

members by means of Bible Study discussion groups, prayer, conferences, and social activities.

The girls group met on Wednesday at noon hour while the boys meet on Thursday in Room 204.

Girls Executive:

President	Connie Laird
Vice-President	Gladys Beaton
Sec'y.-Treasurer	Joyce Jackson
Social Convenor	Shirley Brown
Publicity	Nancy Miller

Boys Executive:

President	Jack Beaton
Vice-president	Rick Johnston
Sec'y.-Treasurer	Bob Hayward



ORCHESTRA

Front Row (left to right)—J. Eyre; M. McIntyre; D. Wilson; L. Belrose; G. Hamilton Jr.; R. Welch; D. Skelton.

Back Row (left to right)—Miss Ramsden; H. Taylor; B. Noble; R. Leckie; K. Eyre; C. Sole Mr. Brush; D. Eyre; B. Nelson; J. Tothill; G. Tothill; A. Mathews.



MIXED GLEE CLUB

Back Row (left to right)—K. Eyre; L. Wells; J. Lademer

Front Row (left to right)—F. Forster; D. Jones; S. Child; J. Thompson; C. MacDougall; M. Jones; L. Belrose; D. Fralick; H. Taylor.

THE HOSTESS CLUB

The Hostess Club is the newest club in the school. It is composed entirely of girls, and is supported by every girl in S.C.I. & T.S.

The Hostess Club was started this year by a group of interested girls. Their purpose was to supply food to the football and basketball teams in the school after each competitive game they played. Because this is a brand new idea in the school, it was felt that the club should operate, this year only, on a trivial basis. For this reason officers were not appointed except for a secretary, Sylvia Paisley, to act as record keeper.

Before each intended football game an appeal was made in assembly for girls to bring in food. The response was generally good.

The money that the club collects in tea-dances is used to build up a treasury, which in turn is used to buy the milk or soft drinks at each banquet. It is hoped that next year the club will operate officially, and will continue to raise school spirit.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

The Annual Commencement for the year was held on December twenty-first in the school auditorium.

The School Orchestra, directed by Mr. Brush, played several musical selections. They were at their finest and added much to the programme. Mr. Sperling led the Glee Club in a medley of Christmas carols that delighted the audience.

Mr. Sinclair opened the programme with remarks to the graduates and the

audience. He was later followed by Mr. Aubrey Oldham who gave one of the most interesting and stirring speeches heard at a commencement in many years. Particularly effective was the method used in addressing separately the graduates of each department.

Mary Lou Park gave a sincere but scintillating valedictory address.

TEEN-AGERS' DANCES

This year, for the first time, we became aware of an organization we never knew existed before. It is called the "American Performing Rights Society", and is headed by James C. Petrillo. The treasury of this

association is built up by assessing a few cents on every record sold. Each time we buy a record at a store, a few cents from the money we pay for it go into the treasury of this organization.

With this money the Society presented Sarnia's ten-agers with two dances this year. No admission was charged, and as a result, students from both high schools flocked to the dances.

The first dance was held at Hallowe'en in the Armories, and the second dance was held at Kenwick Terrace around Christmas time. Music for the dances was supplied by Sarnia musicians. The dances are now popular events, and we say, "Thank you, Mr. Petrillo."



GIRLS GLEE CLUB

Front Row (left to right)—J. Compton; A. Gustin; N. Cuthbert; M. Weaver; Mr. Sperling; S. Knox; B. Lethbridge; A. Weaver.

Second Row (left to right)—J. Trumble; M. Lusnak; D. Wade; B. Finch; M. Russell; P. Mathers; A. Rowell; G. Finch; A. Borrowman; D. Pass; G. Hutchison; B. Flemming; M. Coulter; L. Rapson.

Back Row (left to right)—J. Riddle; D. Selena; J. Welsh; I. Waddell; A. Kuzmanovich; B. Wright; M. Aubin; A. Dempsey; J. Finch; A. McCallum.



AT HOME

The annual formal dance in honour of this year's graduates was held on December 26th in the boys' gymnasium. The dance called the "At Home", has been an established Students' Council project for many years.

Several novel ideas in decorating were used by Jane Phippen who was in charge of decorations. The gymnasium was transformed into a glamorous ballroom. Refreshments were served under the direction of Bill Glendon.

A large crowd of students, graduates and friends passed the reception line composed of Mrs. V. H. Wilson, Mrs. O. Mills, Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. English, Mr. and Mrs. W. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Coles and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnston. After this dancing was enjoyed to the music of Jack Kennedy and his orchestra. A lively "Grand March" finished the dance which was one of the best and most successful "At Homes" in recent years.

Charteris Reece was convenor of the At Home committee with Doug O'Dell in charge of programmes and Gail Mathews in charge of invitations.

COM-TE-COLLS

Com-te-colls were the most popular events in the whole school year.

The first Com-te-coll was held by the cheer-leaders on October sixth, and a crowd of eight hundred showed up. After that, different forms in the school held Com-te-colls every first and third Friday night. Form 12B presented a specialty in the nature of a Hard Times Hoe-Down, and form 12-A also presented a special girl-ask-boy dance. This caused hard-times too, but in a different way.

As most of the students know, Com-te-colls are a project of our energetic Students' Council (from whence all blessings flow). Don Fowlie was your Com-te-coll chairman for the year, and should be praised for the excellent job he did.

SO-ED CLUB

Our Aim—To socially educate students.

A DIARY FOR SO-ED—

Dec. 1st—Snowflurries Dance to the music of Don Hamilton. Door prize—a turkey dinner for two at the Colonial Hotel.

Dec. 21st—Presentation of So-Ed Bursary to Willa Hillis at Commencement—Presented by Mr. H. Douglas.

Feb. 9th-10th—So-Ed's Skits Revue of '51 Memories of the Gay Nineties.

April 6th—Spring Dance for couples only.

SO-ED SHOW

Back Stage Bits.

1. Who was the bright lad that threw the pail of black dye out because he thought it was dirty water?

2. Who were the two girls who had to go up the catwalk and lower the props the day of the show? P.S. Were they scared!

3. A certain miss from the make-up room got the scare of her life the last night of the show; Right?

4. Our tongue twisted Ron Dagg introduced Carol VanAlstyne during the show as "the girl with the voice of an angel and the face of a nightingale."

Equally twisted Jim Campbell asked during the show, "And what is your name, Mr. Chivers?"

6. They knew that they could improve Patee. They just wanted to worry Mr. Wood. P.S. They succeeded.

7. One teacher said that there were seventeen members of the So-Ed cast away from school the day of the show. Such nerves!



SO-ED CLUB

Front Row (left to right)—A. Hannah; L. Belrose; L. Gordon; R. Dagg; R. Schmid.

Second Row (left to right)—R. Worsley; J. Underhay; G. Fluter; R. Glenn.

Third Row (left to right)—Mr. Wood; D. Vanderburg.

SCITS REVUE '51

The annual So-Ed show "Scits Revue", was presented on February 9th and 10th in the school auditorium. The Staff advisor to both the show and the club itself was Mr. Wood. The student director of the show was George Fluter. The numbers were varied in both style and presentation making the show unusually different. The regular features were the boys' chorus and the girls' chorus line, while new features were audience sing-songs, and a third act composed entirely of Gay Ninety skits.

Possibly the best and definitely the funniest skit of the show was Station M.M. M. The initials stand for "Milton, the Merry Mortician" which should be a clue to the theme of the skit. Shrieks were heard throughout the whole auditorium as "Mr. Bones" rose from his coffin to direct the quartet in "Dry Bones". The skit was written by Jack Milliken and Jack Chivers.

In our opinion the other hit of the show was the moving plea, "Father Come Home" as sung by Bob Boyd, the youngest and smallest member of the cast.

There were many solos deserving of praise. Don Gilbert played a piano solo "Nola" which practically brought the roof down. However, due to the length of the show, no encores were given. "Love, Here is My Heart", sung by Dawn Marie Britt, was well done. Unfortunately the second night of the show she was unable to sing because of a sore throat. Carol Van Alstyne sang the difficult piece "Carmena" with ease and feeling to the delight of the audience, and later "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" which was amusingly different. Another spectacular number was "Riff Rhythm", a tap dance by Ray Worsley, which opened with Ray dancing behind a paper ring, with only his silhouette appearing, and climaxed when he burst through the paper to complete a strenuous dancing routine.

Other outstanding numbers in the show were "Dancing in the Dark", a piano duet by Leslie Belrose and Ruth Glenn, and "You'll Get Used to It", a vocal duet by Ron Dagg and Bob Smith. This number was an old routine of two masters, Fred Dagg and J. D. MacIntyre. Dolores and Annabel Vanderburg harmonized beautifully on "Harbour Lights" and later teamed up with Audrey Hannah to do "Doing What Comes Naturally." The latter number has to be seen to be appreciated.

In the first act the boys' chorus backed Don Fowlie's solo, "Wagon Wheels", and in the last act the duet, "Daisy, Daisy," by Lorraine Gordon and Bill Wadland. Both of these numbers were very effective.

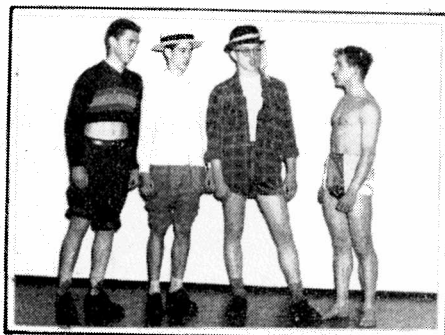
There were three musical skits in the show and all were very good. The first was "Paree", directed by Sylvia Paisley, the second, "Romance in the Hills", directed by Marilyn Jones, and the third was "Enchanted Moments" whose director was Ruth Glenn.

The usual black-face skit was presented by Tom Moore, Bill Harper, and Ken Cunningham. The show would never be complete without mentioning our quartet, composed of Bill Harper, Don Fowlie, Jim Campbell and Jim Milliken, whose harmony is unsurpassed.

Leslie Belrose did a fine job again with the boys' chorus and as pianist to several skits. He and Howard Taylor were forced to share the work of playing as the pianist, Gail Gorrill, took sick the day of the show.

Ray Worsley directed the girls' chorus and his patience paid off as each girl kept regularly in step.

This show, as a whole, was the best ever. This opinion was voiced by Mr. Wood, and many of our teachers and parents. This is a large compliment, but we feel that it is deserved. Congratulations, So-Ed!



SCITS REVIEW 1951.....



**THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION****OFFICERS**

President	Sally McCrae
Vice-president	Isobel Rutherford
Secretary	Barbara Scott
Treasurer	Wilma Gale

CURATORS

Swimming	Georgia Stirrett
Track and Field	Gloria Whitlock
Speedball	Betty Lucas
Dancing	Gloria McDonald
Basketball	Mary Foster
Volley Ball	Noreen Tithecott
Badminton	Doreen Miller



Left to Right—I. Rutherford; N. Tithecott; D. Miller; M. Greenwood; W. Gale; G. Stewart;
M. Foster; B. Scott; B. Lucas; G. Whitlock; S. McCrae.



JUNIOR TRACK AND FIELD — JUNIOR BASEBALL

First Row (left to right)—D. Crammer, J. Guise, H. Feenstra, M. Pierce, E. Lumbley, D. Lumbley, C. Laird, J. Smith, V. Sturdee, M. Cockrall.

Second Row (left to right)—K. Snell, J. Perns, P. Mathers, R. Durica, D. Little, C. McLean, G. Berry, B. Fletcher, J. Pollard, D. Whistler.

Third Row (left to right)—G. Hutchinson, D. Tuer, D. Pass, H. Blakely, C. Bowman, S. McGregor, G. Finch, N. Vincent, B. Lethbridge, E. Young.

JUNIOR TOURNAMENTS

Although most of the games were new for the junior students they were very successful and exciting. At the beginning enthusiasm made up for lack of proficiency, but as the tournament progressed so did the skills. Each junior form has its own team and in some cases a form has split up to make two and sometimes even three separate teams. The juniors really enjoyed their games judging from the flushed faces and hard playing. The following the the captains of winning teams.

TRACK and FIELD:

1st—9-13-2 Dale Whistler
2nd—9-5-1 Louise Allen
3rd—9-10-2 Helen Blakely

CAPTAINBALL:

1st—9-10 Connie Laird
2nd—9-13 Donna Pass
3rd—1-11 Beverly Finch

BASKETBALL:

1st—9-8 Marion Ellenor
2nd—9-11 Jean Parsons
3rd—9-10 Gloria McDonald

SWIMMING:

1st—9-11 Jeanne Parson
2nd—9-1v Vivian Sturdee
3rd—9-10 Sally McGregor

VOLLEYBALL:

1st—9-11-A Bernice McFarlane
2nd—9-9-10 June Hart
3rd—9-6 Elizabeth Muir

DANCING:

1st—9-8 Jean Lambert
2nd—9-4 Gwen Moore
3rd—9-5 Esther McKinnon

BASEBALL:

1st—9-10 Joyce Smith
2nd—9-13 June Hart
3rd—9-5 Myrna Weaver



JUNIOR SWIMMING

First Row (left to right)—M. Webb; G. Beaton; J. Parsons; H. Palfaman; E. Helps; C. Laird; C. Clatworthy; A. McCallum; J. Hardy; K. Koehler; R. Jones.

Second Row (left to right)—S. Romply; S. Knox; A. Borrowman; M. Campbow; B. McFarlane; G. Moore; E. Hardy; E. Ellenor; D. Graham; M. Marsh; N. Reid; M. Harkness; S. Robb; B. Dunstan.

Third Row (left to right)—B. Cepka; C. Zink; E. Scott; M. Russell; N. Grant; S. McGregor; L. Beardow; V. Beardow; J. Tye; C. Barnes; M. Case; J. McPhail; V. Hiller; M. Hendry.



INTERMEDIATE TRACK AND FIELD

First Row (left to right)—G. Stirrett; J. Lambert; J. Phillips; G. Moore; J. McLachlan; D. Robley; B. Bentley; M. Shortt; G. Williamson; H. Palfaman; E. Droupe; J. Moore; B. Burr.

Second Row (left to right)—B. Jackson; M. Wardell; G. Miller; J. Ross; C. Barnes; J. Tyre; S. Robinson; A. Weaver; J. Hart; B. McFarlane; G. Moore; A. Loyst; W. Scott; J. DeJong; N. DeBliek; A. Davis; M. Osborne.

Third Row (left to right)—T. McCarthy; J. Sorrow; B. McArthur; B. Brown; B. Telford; D. Adams; M. Haddon; R. Pastushak; M. McFarlane; B. Lucas; M. Young; J. Davey; M. Leckie; C. Chilton; N. Roberts; I. Prokopec; A. Muir.

INTERMEDIATE TOURNAMENT

On the whole the intermediate tournaments were played off smoothly. There was great participation in all of the games and also in the parties given for the winning teams. Because of the large number of players needed in some of the tournaments a few grade 10's joined forces and played as one team. Everyone concerned worked hard to make the tournaments successful. Listed below are the captains of the winning team.

TRACK AND FIELD:

1st—10-8 Gerrie Phillips
2nd—10-9 Dorothy Robley
3rd—10-12 Jean Park

BASKETBALL

1st—10-5 Betty Brown
2nd—10-11-1 Ruth Glenn
3rd—10-8 Carol Locke

BASEBALL:

1st—10-11 Valerie Burr
2nd—10-8 Gail Williamson
3rd—10-9 Jean Lambert

SWIMMING:

1st—10-11 June Hart
2nd—10-9 Georgina Stirrett
3rd—10-8 Bernice McFarlane

DANCING: :

1st—10-10 Joan Davey
2nd—10-1 Shirley Thibodeau
3rd—10-4 Nancy Willock

FIELDBALL:

1st—10-8-9 Beth Bentley
2nd—10-11 Anita Weaver
3rd—10-5 Pat Churcher



SENIOR TRACK AND FIELD — SENIOR BASEBALL

First Row (left to right)—I. Scott; E. Hamilton; R. Schmid; M. Smith; A. Baines; J. Richardson; M. Stewart; A. Hawley; N. Willock; M. Cepka; D. Field; S. Wilkinson.

Second Row (left to right)—F. Forster; N. Bell; M. McInnis; J. Bayne; M. Jones; M. Greenwood; B. McVeigh; M. Janes; D. White; L. Seward; B. Scott; M. Foster; J. MacLachlan; B. Ellis; U. Battle.

Third Row (left to right)—D. Dailey; M. Clarke; H. DeJong; M. Passmore; C. MacDougall; A. Hicks; A. Dobroski; M. Pringle; I. Rutherford; G. Landgmyhr; J. Eyre; C. VanAlsyne; J. Phippen; J. Christon; E. Burr.

SENIOR B TOURNAMENTS

A keen interest has been shown in all of the tournaments. The girls are developing greater skills in their games, making the competitions quite close, the winning teams winning by only a very few points. Almost all of the tournaments played in this division, except Track and Field, were made up of choice teams, so that the form appearing after the names of the following winning teams is only the form number of the captain.

TRACK AND FIELD:

1st Barbara Skerratt, 11-A-1
 2nd Barbara Marcy, 11-A-2
 3rd Margaret McGuir, C-11-A-3

BASKETBALL:

1st Dorothy Day, 11-C
 2nd Doris Goodacre, C-11-A
 3rd Mary Foster, 11-C

BASEBALL:

1st Audrie Baines, C-12
 2nd Donna Adams
 3rd Margaret Young

SWIMMING:

1st Paula Bristo, 11-B
 2nd Doreen Miller, 11-A
 3rd Nancy Roberts, 11-C

DANCING:

1st Marilyn Jones, 11-A
 2nd Lily Prail, C-11-A
 3rd Frances Blake, 11-C

VOLLEYBALL:

1st Anne Davich, C-11-A
 2nd Muriel McInnis, 11-C
 3rd Noreen Tithecott, 11-A

FIELDBALL:

1st Florence Malmstead
 2nd Margaret McGuir
 3rd Catherine Searle



SENIOR TRACK AND FIELD — SENIOR VOLLEY BALL

First Row (left to right)—M. McFarlane; J. Davy; B. Brennen; P. Bristo; M. Robbins; S. Woodrowe; B. Lessard; U. Battle; D. Goodacre; G. Mathews; M. Leckie.

Second Row (left to right)—D. MacDougall; S. Fair; C. Mellon; G. Tripp; B. Skerratt; K. Searle; L. Montgomery; M. Cully; N. Wilkinson; B. Lucas; N. Miller; R. Glenn; M. Maxfield; F. Malmstead; A. Treleaven; P. Tompkins; M. Young; B. Whitlock.

Third Row (left to right)—C. VanAlstyne; M. Jones; S. Child; M. Passmore; H. DeJong; C. MacDougall; A. Hicks; N. Tithecott; E. Borthwick; J. Phippen; S. Marshall; A. Davich; W. Gale; J. Knight; H. Priebe; A. Young.

SENIOR A TOURNAMENTS

There was close competition between the teams in the senior A division. Many of the girls participating in the tournaments have developed great skills and make the games very fast and exciting. There is wonderful sportsmanship among all the girls who seem to enjoy the games whether they win or lose. As in the Senior B division these were all choice teams. The following are the captains of the winning teams:

TRACK and FIELD:

1st Jackie Christon, 13-A
 2nd Mary Foster, 12-A
 3rd Doris Goodacre, C-12-2

SWIMMING:

1st Jane Phippen, 12-A
 2nd Barbara Scott, 12-B
 3rd Marie Nisbet, Sp. C.

SPEEDBALL:

1st Muriel McInnis, 12-B
 2nd Isobel Rutherford, 13-A
 3rd Molly Greenwood, 13-A

VOLLEYBALL:

1st Mary Lou Parks, 13-A
 2nd Helen MacKinlay, 13-B
 3rd Isobel Rutherford, 12-C

BASEBALL:

1st Audurie Baines, C-12
 2nd Donna Adams
 3rd Margaret Young



PROFICIENCY WINNERS

First Row (left to right)—G. Williamson; D. Robley; B. Lucas; D. Goodacre; B. Ellis; F. Wright; B. Scott; M. Foster; C. Clatworthy; K. Smith.

Second Row (left to right)—M. Kerr; S. McCrae; J. Davey; V. Burr; M. Greenwood; B. McFarlane; J. Park; M. McInnis; G. MacDonald; B. Jackson; M. Wardell.

Third Row (left to right)—G. Stirrett; W. Gale; A. Davich; A. Dobroski; D. Miller; N. Tithecott; G. Langmyhr; J. Phippen; M. Slatterie; J. Baine; R. Hart.



1st and 2nd "S"

Top to Bottom—Sally McCrae; Barbara Scott; Ann Davich; Mary Foster; Alicia Dobroski; Doreen Miller.

PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS

The winners of the proficiency crests were girls who have worked hard all year and who have obtained a standard of 75% of the average of the ten highest marks given. They must attend nearly all the games in every tournament, also help to referee them, and keep this high standing the whole year round. Proficiency crests were awarded to: Pauline Armstrong, Jean Bayne, Valerie Burr, Leone Caldwell, Coleen

Clatworthy, Jean Davey, Anne Davich, Alicia Dobroski, Connie Doupe, Barbara Ellis, Mary Foster, Wilma Gale, Doris Goodacre, Molly Greenwood, June Hart, Joan Hartney, Margaret Huggett, Marion Kerr, Gertrude Langmyhr, Betty Lucas, Gloria MacDonald, Bernice McFarlane, Helen MacKinlay, Sally



ALL ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP

Top to Bottom—Barbara Scott; Gloria McDonald; Ann Davich; Doreen Miller.

McCrae, Sally McGregor, Muriel McInnis, Doreen Miller, Jean Park, Jane Phippen, Barbara Reed, Dorothy Robly, Barbara Scott Shirley Strangway, Mardie Slatterie, Catherine Smith, Georgina Stirrett, Noreen Tithecott, Marie Wardell, Gail Williamson, Francis Wright.

GIRLS' RIFLE TEAM

This is the second year for the girls' rifle team, under the supervision of their excellent coach Mr. Mendizabel.

Awards of two kinds can be won. The first award is obtained by using a sporting rifle and the scores are 80% for bronze, 93% for silver and 98% for gold. In the D. C. R. A. competition the scores are 75% for bronze, 88% for silver and 93% for gold. To obtain the silver award the bronze must already have been won and to obtain the gold the bronze and silver must have been won. The targets are required for each award.

Last year several of the girls were awarded badges for entering a competition. The following have won awards: Doreen Dailey, Margaret McFarlane, Nancy Miller, Gloria Richardson, Ann Young, Margaret Young.

FIRST AND SECOND "S" WINNERS

The all round champions this year are:

Senior A—Barbara Scott.
Senior B—Anne Davich.
Intermediate—Doreen Miller.
Junior—Gloria McDonald.

Girls who have won four proficiency crests have obtained a "1st S". These girls are: Sally McCrae, Alicia Dobroski.

To qualify for a "2nd S" a girl must earn three proficiency crests in a row. These girls are: Barbara Scott, Anne Davich.

LIFE SAVING

Life Saving classes really went into full swing this year under the supervision of Miss Ramsden. All the girls participating seemed to enjoy their classes and kept regular attendance. For most of the awards given, written, water, and land-drill tests were necessary.

Girls receiving these awards are:

Bronze Cross—Doreen Miller, Mardie Slatterie.

Bronze Medallion — Anne Davich, Mary Foster, Marion Passmore, Marion Kerr, June Hart, Valerie Burr, Marlene Jackson, Mary Powell, Evelyn Borthwich, Frances Wright, Jackie McKay, Daintrie McPhedran, Joan Hartney, Doreen Miller, Shirley Strangway, Mardie Slatterie, Marie Wardell, Gloria MacDonald, Alicia Dobroski.

Bar to Bronze—Barbara Scott, Margaret Huggett, Helen MacKinlay.

Intermediate Certificate—Jane Weir, Shirley Strangway, Barbara Scott.

Silver—Margaret Huggett, Marie Wardell, Helen MacKinlay.

First Class Instructor's Certificate—Marie Wardell, Barbara Scott, Margaret Huggett.

Life Saving Race Medals—Joan Hartney, Helen MacKinlay.

Mr. Watson, (stopping the middle of a joke): "Have I told you this before?"

Closs, (In unison): "Yes Sir."

Mr. Watson: "Well, you'll probably understand it this time."

* * *

What made the Tower of Pisa lean?
There was a famine in the land.

* * *

Mr. Ritchie: "What is the formula for water?"

Rod Brown: "H I J K L M N O".

Mr. Ritchie: "Where in the world did you learn that?"

Rod Brown: "You told us yesterday that it was H to O."



GIRLS LIFE SAVING

First Row (left to right)—V. Burr; M. Foster; B. Scott; G. MacDonald; M. Passmore.

Second Row (left to right)—M. Kerr; F. Wright; A. Dobroski; M. Slatterie; J. Hart; D. McFedran

Third Row (left to right)—M. Powell; A. Davich; E. Borthwick; D. Miller; N. Miller; J. McKay.

ONTARIO ATHLETIC TRAINING CAMP

The Ontario Athletic Training Camp is sponsored by the Department of Education to bring High School girls from distant points as Fort Francis, Napanee, Hawkesbury and Ottawa together to compare views and to learn the fundamentals of refereeing and coaching the various fields of athletics. Marguerite Harper and Mary Foster were sent last year as representatives of our school. Last year the beautifully situa-

ted camp on the eastern shore of Lake Couchiching was opened for the first time to girls. It has been in operation for the past three years for boys and previous to that it had been devoted to the development of individual sports.

To qualify for two weeks at "Couch" you must have grade eleven standing or higher and an interest in and willingness to help with the school sports. Those who

have graduated from High School and intend to enroll in Normal School or to take a Physical Education course at University are given preference.

During the two weeks instruction is given in Volleyball, Speedball, Square Dancing and Tennis. Badminton and Archery are also taught as minor subjects. Near the close of camp a full scale Track and Field meet and also a Swim meet is held in which every girl has her part either as a participant or an official. Tennis, Badminton and Archery tournaments are held and run completely by the girls. A competition between the cabins in Basketball and Volleyball is held and provides many a spirited game.

Each cabin is given a chance, during the camping period, to help put on the evening programme. On the other nights athletic films are shown followed by singsongs.

A highlight of the camping time is the Sports night at the Geneva Park Y-Camp. Teams for all athletics are taken there to compete against the girls at Geneva.

This lovely spot is a camper's dream being secluded from the humdrum of every day life, yet in constant touch with the outside world. We, Marguerite and Mary, have benefited in many ways and heartily recommend it to anyone who has the chance to go.

Marguerite Harper and Mary Foster.

CAMP BELWOOD

With camping rapidly becoming a popular and valuable summer pastime the Department of Education hopes that eventually there will be enough camps to give every school child the privilege of camping. As a service to existing camps, and to prepare counsellors for future camps, the Department conducts Counsellor-in-Training Courses. Those for girls are held at Camp Belwood, near Fergus, Ontario.

In order to qualify for this course, a girl must be at least fifteen years old, and must have completed Grade IX or higher. Also she must be able to swim one hundred yards in three minutes without stopping. The candidate must promise to give at least two weeks' after completing the course.

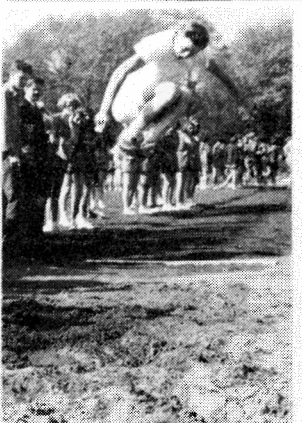
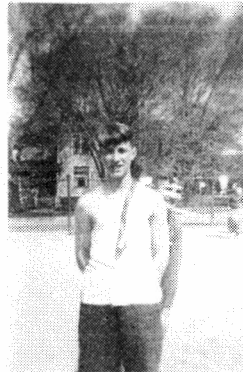
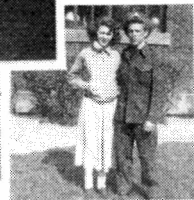
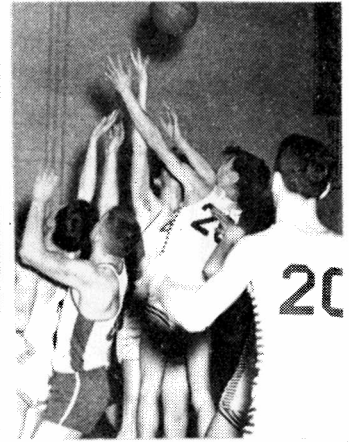
During their three weeks' stay at Belwood the girls receive instruction in swimming, canoeing, campcraft, handicraft, and games. Besides improving their own skills in the water, and at baseball, archery, and volleyball the girls learn to teach these skills to younger children. Those who wish

may try Royal Life Saving and Red Cross Swimming Tests. Red Cross representatives teach camping first aid to all the campers.

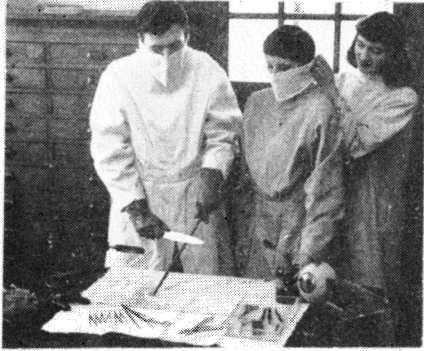
Although the main objective of the camp is to give leadership training there is plenty of time left for campfires, canoe trips, cook-outs and overnight hikes, or just visiting with other campers. Highlights on the programme are Water Sports Day and All Nations Day.

Last summer, those attending Camp Belwood from S.C.I. were Molly Greenwood, Gertrude Langmyhr, Joan Grant, Mardie Slatterie, Evelyn Borthwick and Doreen Miller. The training received there not only makes better citizens of those taking the course but also helps them to make better citizens of the campers with whom they work. The girls leave for home happy that they may be of greater service to their country, through the training received at Camp Belwood.

Doreen Miller,
Evelyn Morthwick,
Mardie Slatterie.



DR REECE & CO. PREPARE.....

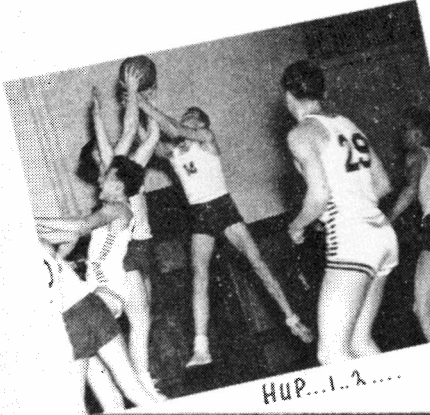


SCALPEL, SPONGE, OOPHS.....

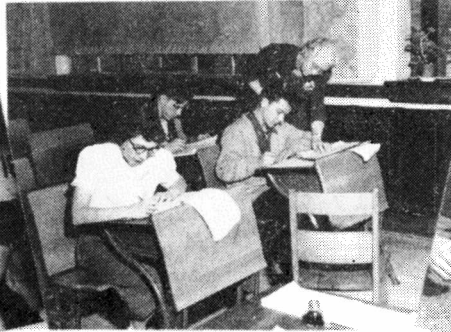
SUCCESS..... EEGAD.....



by AL Capp Cox



HUP...1..2....



DEGENERATING



Box CARS



A PARIS... MON AMIE. MACHERE



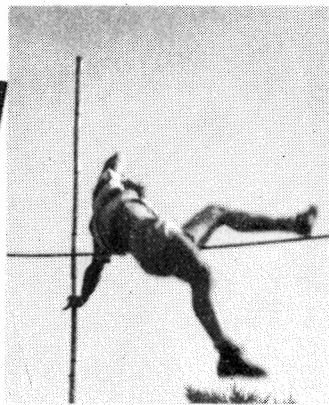
SLUSH



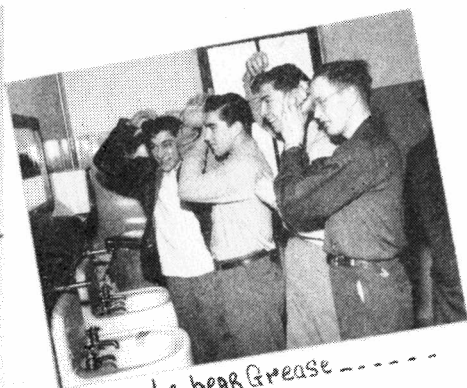
OOMPAH ... PAH #3 - *Cur



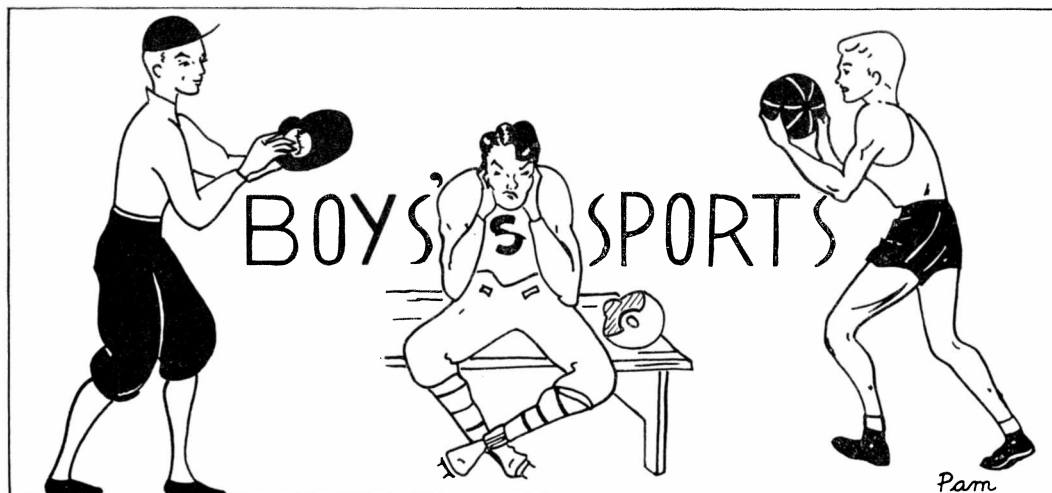
Ain't she SWEET.....



I WAS Robbed.....



Pass the bear Grease-----



by Bill Wadland



BOYS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

First Row (left to right)—Wood; F. Peterson; D. Sander; J. Powell; R. Johnston; P. Tichinoff; W. Charbonneau; T. Davidson; J. Wright.

Second Row (left to right)—R. Dagg; R. Smith; J. Chivers; P. Henderson; G. Fluter; D. Paterson; D. Pepper.

FOOTBALL

The Sarnia Collegiate Institute's football team was coached through a highly successful campaign last fall under the supervision of Bill Danylchuck, former grid-iron great with the University of Toronto Blues.

The team overpowered the other clubs in their grouping of the W.O.S.S.A. consisting of Chatham and Leamington. Our Blue Bombers despatched the Chatham club in a home and home series 31—0 and 18—0 while making short work of Leamington by the overwhelming score of 51—0.

The opening game of the season was an exhibition tilt with local St. Patrick's High School in which St. Pat's offered little opposition, being soundly trounced 38—0.

The usual one-game exhibition series with Port Huron High School was this year extended to two games, our lads making a great comeback from a loss in Port Huron to a 38—6 win here in Sarnia.

The lack of competition during the regular playing season was very noticeable when our grid squad journeyed to Windsor for a sudden-death game with Kennedy Collegiate Clippers in the semi-finals of W.O.S.S.A. competition. Kennedy's more experienced, older team controlled the game from the starting whistle.

Both teams missed great scoring chances but Sarnia especially was unable to take advantage of the opportunities when they presented themselves. In a crisis the Sarnia boys became over-anxious which caused shoddy ball handling. The Windsor team was far superior in offensive blocking and running, and when on defence, their line was almost impenetrable. After eliminating Sarnia by the score of 22—5, the Clippers went on to cop the W.O.S.S.A. title.

At this point we feel that mention must be made of and credit given to Bob Smith, captain and star performer of the club, who quarterbacked the squad through their brilliant season.

The roster of the team is as follows:

BACKFIELD: Ron Moran, Ross Dowswell, Ralph Smith, Doug Chalmers, Fran Butler, Doug O'Dell, Ralph Jones, Chuck Lalonde, Don Fowlie, Jim McLean, Ron Dagg, Bob Smith, (Captain).

LINE: Harold Beaton, Ken Cunningham, Jack Wellington, Ewart Harkins, Bill McKay, Wilf Raymer, Vern Patterson, Jack Adams, Bob Chilton, Ron Smith, Ken Latour, Doug Knight, Pete Woodcock, Cal Weaver, Bill "Jasper" Elliot, Don Timber, Don Southcombe, Dick Glass, Jim Park, Howard Smith, Ross Scott, Jim Milliken, Rick Johnston.

Mr. Ritchie, (to a paperboy): "Give me a 'Sun'."
Paperboy: "What do you think I am—a stork?"

* * *

Miss Howden: "Paraphrase 'She was bent on seeing him'."

Mary Powell: "The sight of him doubled her up."

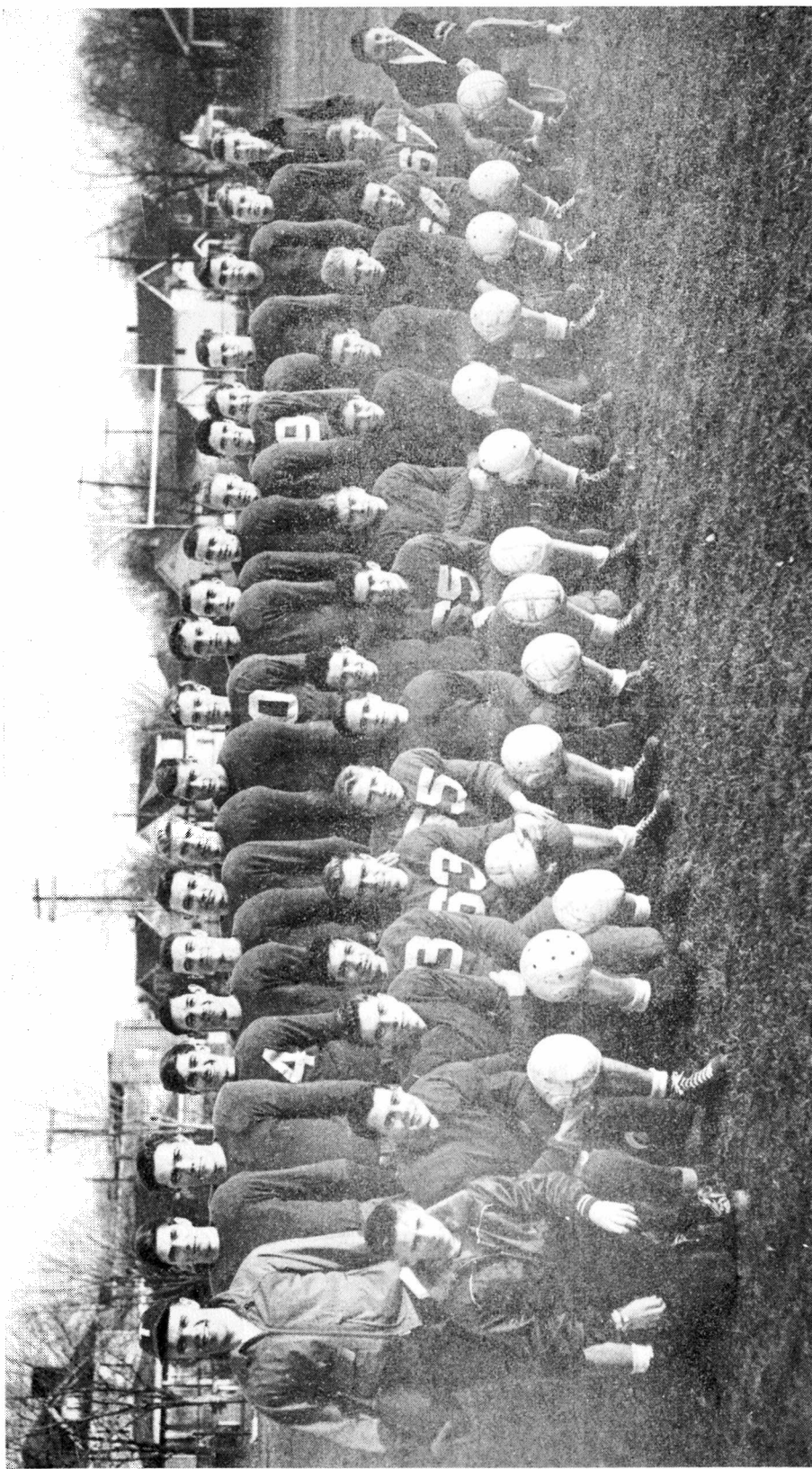
Mr. Langan: "I'm a self-made man."

Mr. Newell: "You're lucky, I'm the revised work of a wife and three kids."

* * *

"Doctor, are cranberries healthy?"

"I've never heard one complain."



FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right)—D. Wise (water-boy); R. Daggs; J. Park; J. Adams; D. Annand; V. Paterson; Wm. Elliott; H. Beaton; P. Woodcock; D. Knight; K. Latour; J. Wellington; R. Smith; D. Southcombe; C. Lalonde; B. Knowles (water-boy)

Back Row (left to right)—Wm. Danylchuck (coach); J. Milliken; K. Cunningham; R. Dowswell; J. McLean; B. Smith (captain); C. Weaver; D. Glass; R. Moran; R. Smith; D. O'Dell; D. Chalmers; R. Jones; R. Scott; Wm. McKay; D. Fowle; B. Chilton; E. Harkins; H. Smith; P. Tichinoff (manager).



BOYS SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—J. Park; Wm. Wadland; H. Randall; W. Raymer; L. Rosebrugh; R. Mack.

Front Row (left to right)—G. Parker; M. Cooper; Mr. Newell; Wm. Glendon; F. Butler.

BASKETBALL

The senior basketball team was coached very ably this past season by Len Newell while Bill Danylchuck handled the Junior squad very capably.

Our grouping in the W.O.S.S.A. this past year consisted of Sarnia, Chatham and Leamington. Each school entered a senior and junior team in the competition with each team playing a home and home series with their opponents.

Leamington won the grouping for both senior and junior divisions, but only after stiff competition from the Sarnia Silver Streaks. In the first game here at Sarnia, the seniors fought back from a 16 point deficit at half time to one of only 3 points at the end of the game, just falling short of the mark. The final score was Leamington Seniors 44, Sarnia Seniors 41. In Leamington the seniors again came close, but

this time were beaten 33—27. The junior team also lost both games by close margins 31—30 and 34—27.

Both Chatham teams were easy prey for our junior and senior teams. The junior won by 47—17 and 48—27 while the seniors duplicated the feat by taking both games 54—23 and 47—27.

By some queer quirk of fate, the Chatham seniors beat Leamington in their home game only to lose to Sarnia shortly afterwards by 20 points.

Early in February the senior basketball team journeyed to Thames Hall in London on the invitation of Johnny Metras, Western's famed football and basketball coach, to play a game against a London High School team. This game was against London Catholic Central and was a preliminary to the game between the University of

Western Ontario and the Michigan State Teacher's College, to which the players were treated afterwards. The two high school teams were evenly matched and battled to a 28-28 tie in a fast, clean game. Poor shooting was a major factor in the low score.

The junior and senior teams each played 2 exhibition games with Port Huron High School, which saw the seniors lose twice to a team much superior in both playing ability and height. The juniors split their series, losing the home game by one point but winning the second game by a decisive margin.

The juniors also travelled to Washington High School in Port Huron and beat them soundly.

The rosters are as follows:

SENIORS: Wilf Raymer, Lorne Rosebrough, "Hap" Randall, Jim Park, Mike Cooper, Howard Smith, Bill Wadland, Dave Parker, Francis Butler, Bill Glendon, Lloyd Mason, Vic McCallum.

JUNIORS: Dave Campbell, Jack Milliken, Ken Brown, Brian Noble, Ken Cox, Ron Huggett, George Ward, Ron Timpson, Wilfred Cohen, Wayne Colbourne.



BOYS JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right)—J. Bridges; D. Campbell; W. Colborne; R. Huggett, B. Noble; K. Cox; Mr. Danylchuck.

Back Row (left to right)—D. McIntee (manager); J. Milliken; W. Cohen; R. Timpson; K. Brown.

Mr. Dennis, (In astronomy class): "Suppose my head represents the planet Mars. Is there any question before I proceed?"

Jim Park: "Is Mars inhabited?"

He took his aunty riding,
Though icy was the breeze.
He put her in the rumble seat
To see his anti-freeze.



SOCCER TEAM

Left to Right—G. Lambert; D. Conant; T. Towler; B. Hugett; J. Powell; A. Phillips; Mr. W. Wood; A. Brooks; B. Cook; J. Miklasz; R. Lane; D. Roberts; K. Romanishen.

SOCCER

The Soccer Team had a rather quiet season and competed in only one game. There was very little publicity about the team this year with the result that the student body showed little interest in what the squad accomplished. The play-off game with Chatham at Wallaceburg was hard fought but unfortunately we lost with a 2-1 score, so that Chatham advanced into

the W.O.S.S.A. finals.

The team this year was a new one with little experience. Nevertheless the team and Mr. Wood, their coach, are to be complimented for their efforts. To top the season a dance was held to raise money to send the boys to Toronto where they would see the soccer game between England and Scotland held there.

SWIMMING

Under the able coaching of Mr. Latremouille, our swimming team did a fine job in its field this year. The team was comprised of B. Adamson, T. Reiman, P. Henderson, K. Newland, A. Lockyer, R. Herr, K. Leach, J. Davidson, J. Powell, J. McGibbon, G. Stewartson, E. Dobroski, R. Hillaby, J. Dalziel and R. Callender.

On March 10th, the team journeyed to London, Ontario to compete in various events with eight other schools at Spencer Pool in Thames Hall. As a whole our team placed fifth out of nine schools in the meet. In the diving competition two

of our boys were outstanding. K. Newland placed third and G. Stewartson placed fifth in this competition and should be complimented on their fine performance.

Three times throughout the school year our team competed against the Port Huron aggregation. Our swimmers came through with flying colours, defeating their opponents at each encounter. On the whole the squad has had a good year and deserves a great deal of credit. Most of the members have started on the team this year for the first time and are gaining valuable experience for next year's trials.



SWIMMING TEAM

Left to Right—J. Davidson; P. Henderson; A. Lockyer; B. Adamson; R. Herr; J. McGibbon; D. Anderson; B. Thibodeau; B. Taylor; G. Stewartson; C. Newland; J. Powell; K. Leach.

CURLING

Trips to Guelph and Galt in late February highlighted the High School Curling for S.C.I. boys during the last term. The team of Bob Smith, Bob Chilton, Don Annand and Paul Tichinoff went to the quarter-finals in the provincial playdowns while the less experienced rink of Don Lunney, Ron Smith, John Sanders and Ross Dowswell broke even with two wins and two losses. A rink skipped by Don Lunney with John Sanders, Don Annand and John Logan won the Lucas Trophy newly donated to the boys as emblematic of the curling championship for the school boys at the Sarnia Curling Club.

All the school-boy curlers would like to acknowledge their appreciation to the directors of the Sarnia Curling Club who spent much time and money on their behalf. Good curling means good sport.

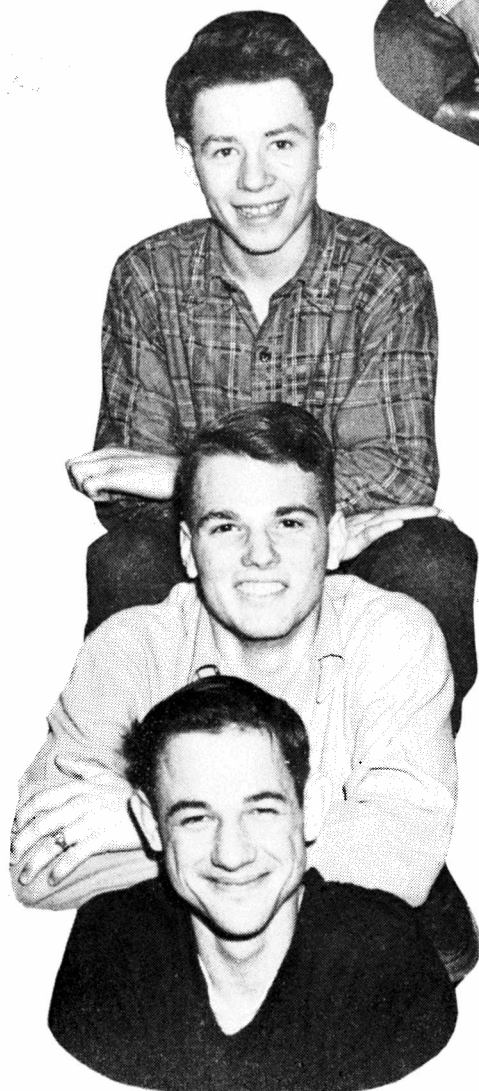
BOWLING

After a rather shaky start, as far as turnout was concerned, the bowling league got under way. The schedule began in mid-Oct. and extended for twenty-seven weeks of bowling to May 23rd.

The Tomcats captained by Glenn Sharp took first place in the first half and the Holy-cats with captain Brian Adamson took the second half. At the time of this writing the play-offs had not yet taken place. With two weeks yet to go in the season, Brian Adamson and Beverley McVeigh led in high average, followed by Bob Naylor and Agnes VanHoogenhuize. Crests will be presented to the winners and everyone will get point money based on the number of points his team bowled during the year.

BOY'S POINT WINNERS**Top to Bottom**

Bob Morrison, Juvenile
 Carl Newland, Junior
 Jim McLean, Intermediate

**BOYS FIELD DAY WINNERS**

First Row (left to right)—S. Newman; D. O'Dell; D. Wilson.
Standing in front—B. Thibodeau.

TRACK AND FIELD

Mr. Ray Latremouille took over the coaching of the track and field team for the first time. This year the accent has been on developing new boys for the team and they have been practicing last fall and this spring. Their coach considers them potential winners. They are: E. Elnor, D. Rapson, G. Ward, R. Hayward, S. Newman, R. Brennan, S. Cohen, G. Spencer, Prokopec, R. Kettle, J. Lea, E. Stoner, T. Hamilton and R. Huggett. Most of the boys were in the juvenile or junior classification, and began their track and field careers this year.

On May 19th the group went to the W.O.S.S.A. Track Meet at London to compete against the other school teams. Many high hopes are held for this new squad as they continue in their work during the next few years.



ARMY CADET OFFICERS

First Row (left to right)—J. Beaton, O.C.; T. Moore, 2nd I.C.

Second Row (left to right)—Adj. B. Adamson; D. Parker; G. Vincent.

Third Row (left to right)—C. Weaver; J. Logan; D. Ried; B. Doyon.

Fourth Row (left to right)—A. Matthews, R. Cook; G. Peterson; C. Beaton; B. Farrar.

Fifth Row (left to right)—H. Beaton; H. Waite; J. Slatterie; K. Cunningham; R. Blakely; J. Pursel; B. Cook; D. McIntee.

No. 102 S.C.I. & T.S. CADET CORPS

Under the leadership of Commanding Officer Allison Campbell the Army Cadets of 1949 - 1950 won the much-contested Strathcona award and the Signalling Corps placed second in the Moyer Cup competition. The officer at last year's inspection was Brig. J. A. W. Bennett, Commander of Western Ontario Area, accompanied by Capt. D. C. Irwin. We offer our congratulations to the Corps, to the Signallers and

to Major Ritchie on their splendid achievement.

Last summer several of our cadets attended the training course at Camp Ipperwash, where courses in small arms and artillery practice were given. Boys who wished to further their skill in rifle shooting, signalling and officer's training took courses after school hours. An artillery course was also given at the local armouries.

Bob Doyon was representative from the Sarnia Corps sent to Banff during the summer for a special two-week course.

Instead of the arrangement that has existed in previous years the corps has been re-formed into an affiliated field artillery regiment associated with the local 31st field regiment. Under this system the corps is now divided into three batterys, each comprising two troops. Although this has proved somewhat of a handicap in that it is entirely new, this year's corps promises

to be as good as any heretofore produced.

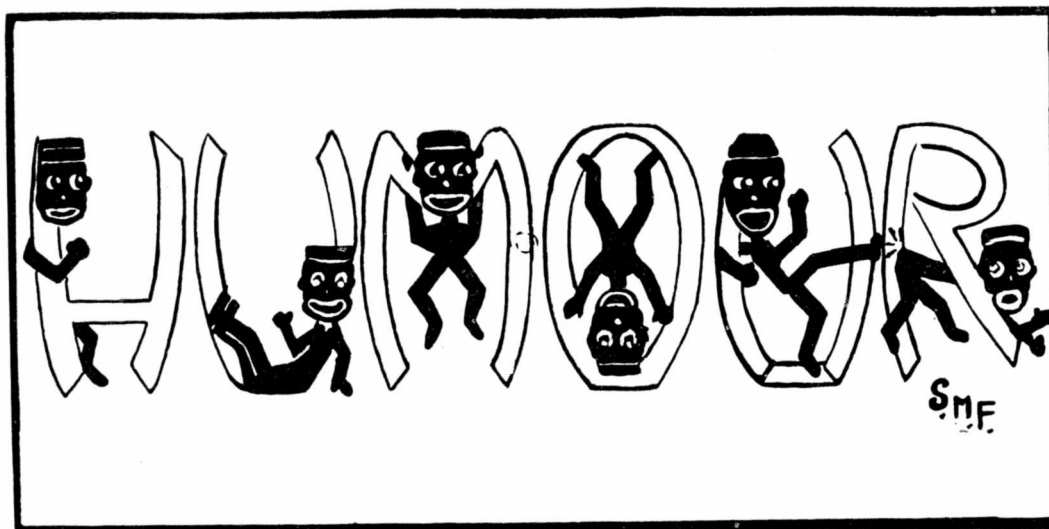
The following have qualified as officers: Lt. Col. J. Beaton; Majors T. Moore, B. Adamson, C. Weaver, D. Parker, G. Vincent; Captains G. Parker, K. Cunningham, W. Johnston, K. Romanishen, L. Smith, L. Mason; Lieutenants G. Peterson, W. Harper, R. Smith, J. Haslip, J. Powell, D. Kelly, Ron Cook, R. Brown, B. Farrar, H. Beaton, R. Blakely, D. McIntee, R. Leckie; R.S.M. Robert Cook; B.S.M.'s R. Herr, C. Beaton, J. Pursel.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

At this time we should like to thank the subscribers and supporters of this year's Ad Astra Annual for their advertising and donations. We are very grateful to them. Also we would thank our staff advisors, Miss Howden, Mr. Watson, Mr. Konkle and Mr. East, for their invaluable assistance in producing this year book, and to Mr. Douglas Paisley for his patience and co-operative effort in taking the group photographs.

J. B. E. Anderson,
Editor.



Necking is a form of davenports.

* * *

Jane has a form number too, it's 2-2 divine.

* * *

Holy smoke is the result of a cannibal cooking a missionary.

* * *

Mr. Watson: "Who is the smallest man in history?"
"The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

* * *

"I wonder who that telegram is from?"
"Western Union, I recognize the handwriting."

* * *

He used to break his neck working.
Then he hired a secretary.
Now he breaks his neck necking.

* * *

Mr. Trietz: "What are the names of the bones in your hand, Cox?"

Ron Cox: "Dice."

* * *

Jean Park: "It's too bad all good looking men are vain."

Ken Cunningham: "Why, I'm not vain."

* * *

Jane W: "I can see, darling, that I am only a little pebble on the beach of your life."

Dave S: "Well, go on; be a little boulder."

Eunice: "Did you hear the story of the peacock?"

Liz: "No."

Eunice: "It's a beautiful tale."

* * *

Mary: "Oh! I'm going to sneeze."

Pat: "At who?"

Mary: "Atchoo!"

* * *

"Has that florist any children?"

"Two. A girl who is a blooming idiot and a boy who is a budding genius."

* * *

Pete was so modest that he insisted on having his bureau turned to the wall so that the drawers wouldn't show.

* * *

Mr. Mendizabel, (examining Weaver): "Do you have any scars on you?"

Weaver: "Nope, but I can give you a cigarette."

* * *

Faith is a quality that enables you to eat black currant jam on a picnic without looking to see if the seeds move.

* * *

One day as I chanced to pass
A Beaver was damming a river,
And a man who had run out of gas
Was doing the same to his fliver.

George V.: "I was just reading that they had discovered Columbus' bones."

Chart R.: "Gee, I didn't know that he was a gambling man."

* * *

Mr. Wood (the night of So-Ed Show): "All ready. Run up the curtain."

Stage Hand: "Say, mister, what do you think I am—a squirrel?"

* * *

Mr. Watson: "Bedard, what can you tell of the Medes and Persians?"

Bill: "I never keep track of those minor league games."

* * *

Irregular verbs the freshies have learned:

Dogo, dogere, pupsi, bitum.

gingo gingere, ginerbread, givissum.

Skato, skateere, falli bumptum.

* * *

"Why do people always apply the name of 'she' to a city?"

"I don't know, why?"

"Because every city has outskirts."

* * *

Did you hear about the time Bob Rose cut a hole in the rug so that he could see the floor show? Then he covered it up because he didn't like the dirty cracks.

* * *

Overheard in 11-D—Mr. Treitz: "You should be as absorbed in your work as these fellows, (pointing to picture of chemists on the wall).

"I've been here 17 years, and not one of them has moved yet."

A FEW MORE PREDICTIONS FOR 1961

Leslie Belrose, (the maestro), may be seen conducting a street car on Bathurst.

Ken Cunningham (old Caruso himself) will be giving forth with "h'I've Got a lovely bunch of Cocosnuts", in the monkey house, at the Detroit Zoo.

Janet Eyre will direct her all girdled orchestra. (No strings attached, of course).

Art Robbins and Dave Percival will have a paper-hanging establishment.

Serena Fair will be, as usual, Room 207, arguing with Mr. Southcombe.

Marian Passmore will be developing her vocal talent hog-calling in the Ozarks.

George Evans—a hog in the Ozarks.

Dance Master Robert Rose will be in Paris, training 'Hootchy-kootchy' girls.

Arnold Heisler will be in New York, modelling B.V.D.'s

Carol VanAlsytne will be starring at the "Met." Those wishing to see her must go to the 2nd counter in Ladies Wear.

Mr. Ritchie will be Commanding Officer, 1st Ritchie C.W.A.C. corps.

* * *

A boy and girl were out driving. They came to a quiet spot on a lonely country lane, and the car stopped.

"Out of gas", said the boy.

The girl opened her purse and pulled out a bottle.

"Wow", said the boy, "A bottle,—what is it?"

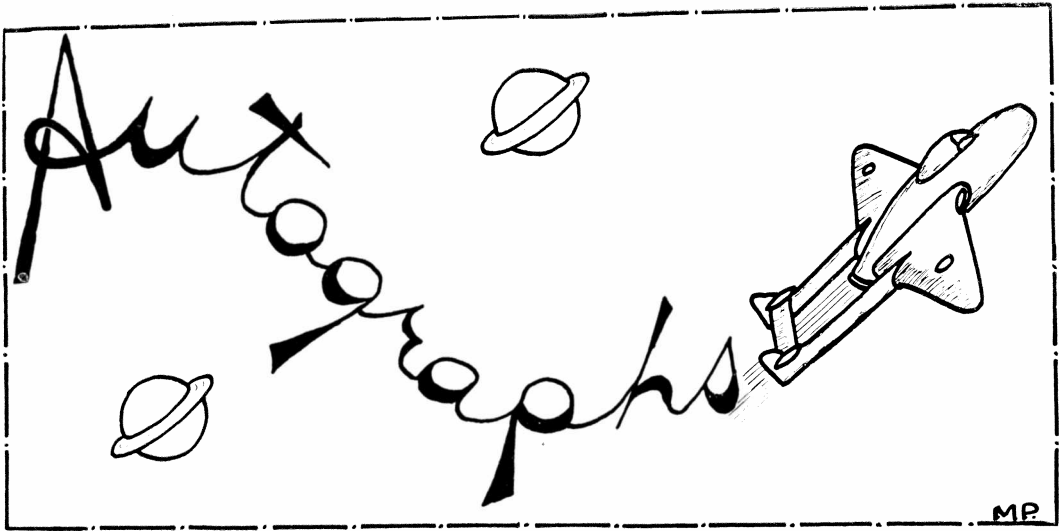
"Gasoline", replied the girl.

MODEL GIRL OF S.C.I.

Figure of Rita Schmidt
Clothes of Ann Hawley
Hair of Ellezbeth Jamieson
Eyes of Pamela Moore
Smile of Jackie Christon
Friendliness of Mary Richardson
Personality of Alicia Dobroski
Wittiness of Sally McCrae
Dancing Ability of Jane Phippen
Athletic Ability of Mary Foster
Intelligence of Isobel Rutherford

MODEL BOY OF S.C.I.

Physique of Brian Adamson
Clothes of Chart Reece
Hair of Jim Hamilton
Eyes of Manuel Commanno
Smile of George Vincent
Friendliness of Ron Cox
Personality of Dick Glass
Wittiness of Louis Mason
Dancing Ability of George Langmyhr
Athletic Ability of Bob Smith
Intelligence of Jack Anderson



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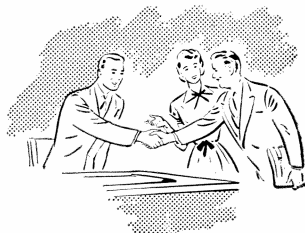
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The demure young bride, her face a mask of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her large child-like eyes to the sedate face of the old minister, and said: "That's a lousy place to put a lily."

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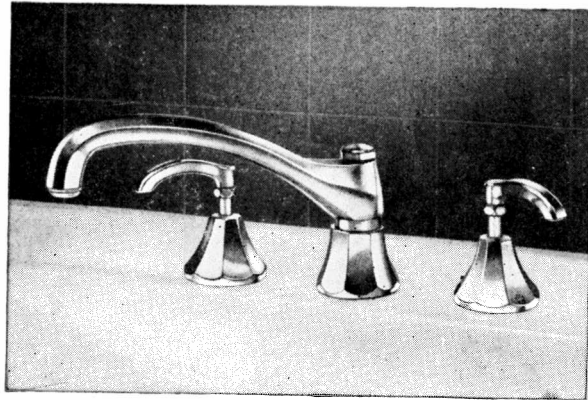
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Irregular verbs the freshies have learned:
 Dogo, dogere, pupdi, bitum.
 Gingo, gingere, gingerbread, givissum.
 Skato, skatere, falli bumptum.

* * *

Mary:: "Oh! I'm going to sneeze."

Pat: "At who?"

Mary: "Atchoo!"

* * *

"Doctor, are cranberries healthy?"

"I've never heard one complain yet."

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* * *

Eunice: "Did you hear the story of the peacock?"

Liz: "No."

Eunice: "It's a beautiful tale."

* * *

Mr. Watson: "Who is the smallest man in history?"

"The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

"I wonder who that telegram is from?"

"Western Union. I recognize the handwriting."

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A divinity student named Fiddle,
Refused to accept his degree;
He didn't object to the Fiddle
But he hated the Fiddle D.D.

* * *

She was so knock kneed, that when she was walking
I heard one knee say to the other: "I let you pass
last time, now give me a chance."

* * *

Lady: "Have you anything for grey hair?"
Druggist: "Nothing but the greatest respect."

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* * *

Isobel: "I see in the paper that a guy ate six dozen
 pancakes."

Sally: "Oh, how waffle!"

* * *

Bill: "Have a cigarette?"

Tom: "No thanks. Swore off smoking."

Bill: "Well put it in your pocket for tomorrow."

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Dave: "Here's fifteen cents. Call all your friends."

Woman's nothing but a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair.

Man is nothing but a rag, a groan and a tank of air.

Don: "I was born in Sarnia, you know."

Bob: "Funny things happen in London too."

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"Open your book and find out. What does it say?"

Jim M.: "Menes 3400 B.C."

Mr. Watson: "Why didn't you say that before."

Jim: "I thought that was his telephone number."

Moe: "What have you got there?"

Joe: "Some insect powder."

Moe: "You aren't going to commit suicide are you?"

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"No", answered the recruit, "What about him?"

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"Cannibals," by Henrietta Mann.

"Who Is He?" by Ida Noe.

"Parched," by I. Mustapha Drink.

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Mr. Watson: "Bedard, what can you tell of the Medes and the Persians?"

Bill: "I never keep track of those minor league games."

Pat N.: "How did you find the weather while you were away?"

Jackie C.: "Just went outside and there it was."

Baby ear of corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama ear of corn: "Hush dear; the stalk brought you."

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 a bore is one who talks to you about himself;
 a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to
 you about yourself.

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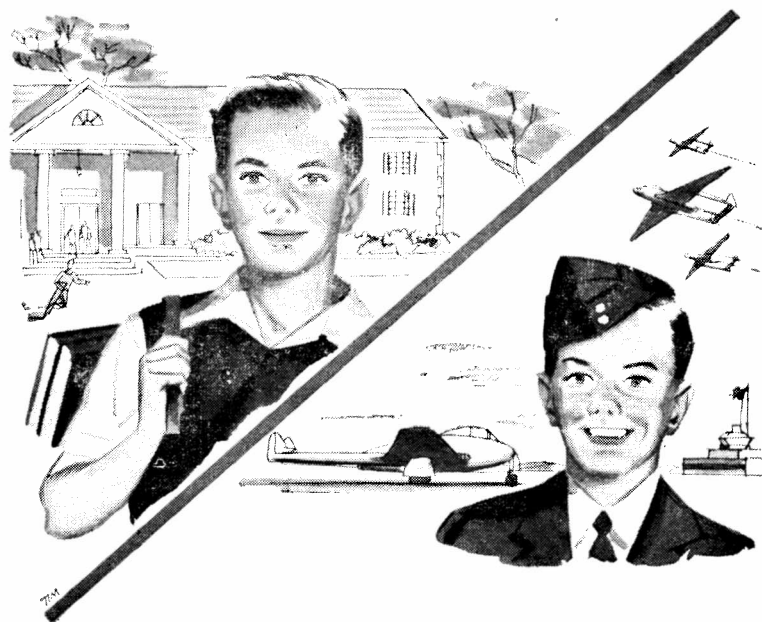


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DI-8251

I'm through with all men,
They cheat and they lie;
They prey on us women
'Till the day we die;
They tease us to sin.
Say! Who's that guy
That just came in?

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Jimmy: "Who wrote it for you?"

Definition of matrimony: You go to adore, you ring
a belle, and give your name to a maid — and
then you're taken in.

Progress is a word particularly meaningful to Canadians today, and especially to the people of Sarnia.

As a contribution to this progress, Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited, produces large quantities of the chemical raw materials and plastics which take their place as the tools for building and expanding Canadian industry.

But - however satisfying the progress to date - we know you will join with us in the feeling that everything done so far has but **laid the foundation for the progress to come.** We would like to feel that the future citizens of Sarnia can be proud of the part we together have played in the tremendous job of establishing "The Chemical Valley of Canada".



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Miss Wilson: "What did the ancient Gauls write on?"
Bill Fraser: "Gaul Stones."

Al: "Are my hands clean, or is it my imagination?"
Dodie: "Well your hands are clean - I don't know
about your imagination."

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George V.: "I was just reading that they discovered Columbus' bones."

Chart R.: "Gee! I didn't know that he was a gambling man."

Innocent freshette (watching the pole vault on field day) "Just think how much farther he could go if he didn't have to carry that stick."

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Grime's MacKenzie

170 NORTH VICTORIA ST.

DI-5731

Miss Martin: "What is an angle?"

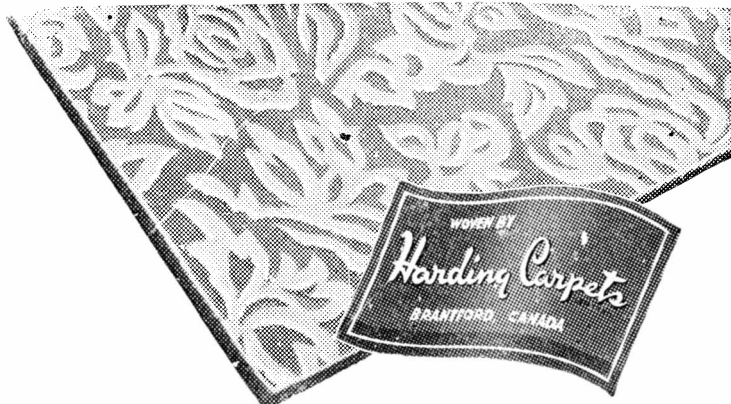
Bright Student: "A semi-circle with cramps."

Mr. Treitz: "Now I want you to put these on the wall where you do your homework."

George L.: "Sir I generally do mine on a desk."

He: "I'm going to kiss you, will you call for help?"

She: "Not unless you need it."



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I always see both points of view - the one that's
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Most auto accidents occur on Saturday and Sunday.
It's a great life if you don't week-end.

A fat man is seldom good at golf. If the ball lies
where he can see it, hee can't hit it, and if it
is whre he can hit it, he can't see it.

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MAKES YOU NERVOUS
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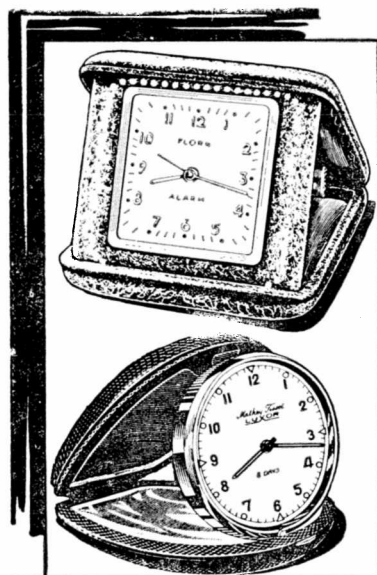


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TODAY

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He: "Is your girl spoiled?"

Another He: "No, it's that perfume she wears.

Bob Rose: "The humour section of this year's Ad
Astra must be pretty good."

A. Heisler: "How do you know, have you read it?"

B. R.: "No, but both editors have been kicked out
of school."

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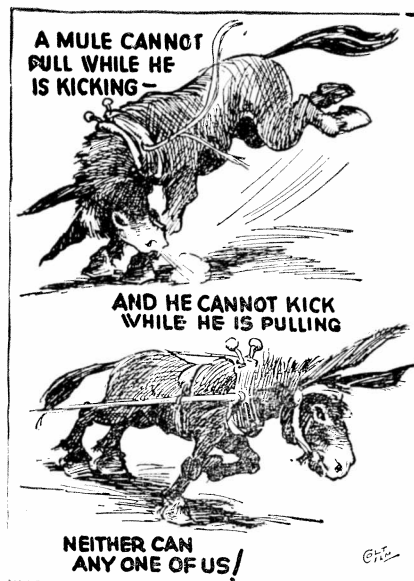
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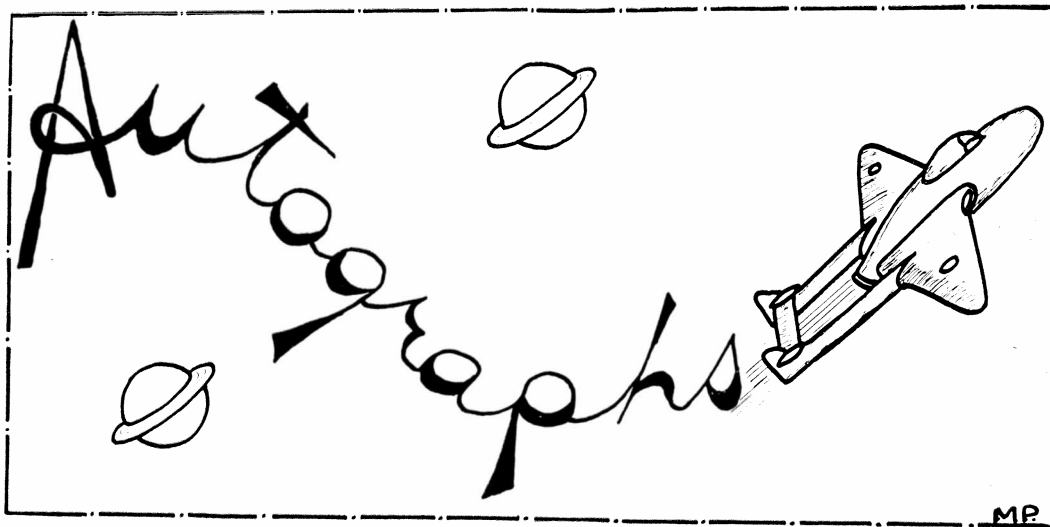
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